THE LIVING AGE

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for September, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WHEN BRITISH Conservatives announce that a national and international emergency exists they are not apt to be overstating the case. Walter Elliot, a Tory Member of Parliament, describes the atmosphere that prevailed in London during late July when international bankers and statesmen suddenly woke up to the fact that the capitalist system was on the rocks. Yet in spite of Mr. Elliot's honest alarm, or even because of it, he leaves the reader with the conviction that England, at any rate, will do her share.

JACQUES BARDOUX, a staff contributor to *Le Temps*, which expresses the point of view of the French Foreign Office, does not share Mr. Elliot's faith in Britain's sense of international obligation. A brief trip across the Channel has persuaded him that the people there are more interested in domestic than foreign policy. Since France has been attacked a good deal in the British press, M. Bardoux's motive is to minimize the significance of this hostility and to justify his nation in its present solitary course.

FORMERLY Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Dr. Max Jordan has recently returned from a trip around the Pacific, where he evidently got the idea that America and England are working together in world affairs. Nor is he the only German to cherish this conviction. His country's present foreign policy proceeds on the same theory, which accounts in part for Dr. Brüning's refusal to accept French domination. It is doubtful, however, whether many Germans share Dr. Jordan's hope that France and Germany will be brought together through the good offices of England and America. If the two chief European powers were really to succeed in dividing the Continent between them, there would not be much room for anybody else. The exclusion of England and America from European markets—both commercial and financial—would be one of the inevitable results of complete Franco-German coöperation.

J. PARNELL MANDEVILLE, a British engineer who discusses Stalin's last speech, was a member of the British Trade Delegation that visited Moscow in 1929. Since that time it has been part of his business to watch subsequent developments, with no other idea in mind than the hope of selling engineering products to Russia. He does not at all agree with the widely circulated theory that the payment of wages on a piece-work basis means that Russia is quietly returning to capitalism. His notion is that the Five-Year Plan has been such an unexpected success agriculturally that it has had to be stepped up industrially.

THOUGH Germany is close to ruin, the spirit of the nation still runs high. Josef Magnus Wehner writes a high-flown essay, more in the style of 1914 than of 1931, which indicates that the capitalist system, not that mysterious structure known as the Reich, is the thing that is threatened. His reasoning is sometimes a little hard to follow, but the enthusiasm that impels him to reason as he does makes one understand why the French cannot get over some of their misgivings.

RUDOLF KIRCHER'S study of Chancellor Brüning offers a much more reassuring interpretation of this immortal Reich. The essay is based on a short but complete biography that covers all of Brüning's

(*Continued on page 91*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

WHAT TO DO about France has become the question of the hour. Several articles in this issue of THE LIVING AGE express several different emotional responses to a conflict that seems impossible to settle. It is universally recognized that no lasting progress can be made in Europe until France and Germany reach some kind of general agreement covering treaty revision, disarmament, and boundaries. Only when these political controversies, themselves the outgrowth of economic rivalries, are solved can revival occur.

Germany needs money in the form of long-term loans. France not only can supply this money but France alone can alter the present political alignment in such a way that the money can be profitably spent. But France will hardly aid Germany to expand in Central Europe, since such expansion would ruin the very nations to which the French have already vouchsafed considerable loans. For a German revival could not be confined to German soil; it would mean that German goods would penetrate markets now supplied by nations and industries backed by French money. No wonder France sets a high price on assisting the Reich.

The political complications that have grown out of these economic contradictions are just as hopeless. Germany is now in a state of siege, just as she was during the War. Although no armed forces have yet come into play, France hopes by the same process of slow starvation that

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worked so well in 1918 to wear down German resistance and to force the Reich to make political concessions. The result of these concessions would be that French financiers and politicians would control Germany's economic and political development. Germany, now driven close to revolution by the determination of her own financiers and politicians not to submit to French dictation, believes that England and America will save the day because of their heavy investments in German territory. The French, on the other hand, are betting that Anglo-American solidarity cannot stand the strain. Dr. Max Jordan's article, 'Germany Looks at England,' brings out this calculation but expresses the hope that Anglo-American coöperation will bring the French and German peoples together. This is an optimistic prophecy. It might be more accurate to say that Germany, by endangering the whole system of world capitalism that is now so highly developed that all capitalist nations stand or fall together, may frighten not only America and England but also France into saving Europe from Bolshevism and for the Germans.

COMMENTS in the foreign press sustain these observations. J. L. Garvin, writing in the London *Observer*, says:—

> France expects to receive Germany's surrender in three months. The Paris press asserts and believes that Britain and America can do nothing without France. The immense withdrawals of French money from the City of London were undoubtedly connected with the idea of making Britain feel that unless she conforms to French policy it will be the worse for her. Britain never will conform to that policy. It is a question that may go far to alter the whole existing political situation in this country before next autumn is over.

Mr. Garvin, always a believer in Anglo-American solidarity, asserts that America can save the situation. After complimenting President Hoover on doing 'as much as any man in his position could wisely attempt in the time,' he makes this prophecy:—

> A new and more decisive American plan must be the consequence of coming events. America and Britain, we predict, will have to take the lead either before financial and political catastrophe in Central Europe or after. Better before than after.

The Seven-Power Conference in London he describes as 'a dangerous failure.'

Other British editors urge a more pronounced anti-French policy. The Conservative *Week-end Review* says:—

> France must be put in the position, not of thwarting the finding of a solution, but of trying to thwart a solution already agreed to by the rest of the world. Recent negotiations have demonstrated that only in this way can any initiative overcome the opposition of the French official clique, which, of course, is not

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necessarily identical with the French nation, although it likes to pretend to be. This technique must be applied at a brisker rate. We want frequent Anglo-American, Anglo-German, and Anglo-Italian interchanges to reach an agreed linking of debt, reparation, disarmament, peace-organization, and treaty-revision questions. Having been reached, such agreements must be put across to world public opinion, including French public opinion, with a united front. A solution, of course, however repugnant to the French Government, must take full account of the genuine needs of the French people if it is to have any hope of success.

The *New Statesman and Nation*, speaking for the more radical political elements, says:—

The French may yet prove comparatively reasonable when they realize that their intransigence has brought against them the whole weight of the United States. For the most significant fact of the present situation is that the United States has tardily reëntered European politics, has fully realized the folly of French policy, and stands whole-heartedly with Great Britain for a policy of European reconstruction—which means, to begin with, that the reparation muddle must cease. In these circumstances, if French policy does not swiftly change, France will be isolated. We are told that we dare not risk the consequences of her annoyance. No doubt France can withdraw an awkward amount of gold from London. But that possibility must be faced, and it can be faced more cheerfully if America and the Federal Reserve stand with us. Indeed, the result of co-operation between this country and the United States will not, in all probability, mean that France will remain isolated and dangerous, but that her bluff will be called and the beginning of a saner era will dawn for Europe.

MEANWHILE the French have already retaliated. The drain of gold from the Bank of England has caused serious concern and the diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* reminds his readers that the French resorted to the same practice just before the Hague Conference and during the London Naval Conference. Some Frenchmen even profess to see British chagrin at the few feeble efforts thus far made in the direction of Franco-German understanding. Of course if France and Germany were really to arrive at some far-reaching agreement to divide Europe between them, the British would indeed be disturbed, but both nations would have to make considerable sacrifices for such a policy to be effective. No. Franco-German coöperation waits on the willingness of the leading men in both nations to make great sacrifices in the name of a greater common good. History records few instances of such foresight.

FOR THE FIRST time since the general strike of 1926, the British press breathes an atmosphere of emergency. Walter Elliot's article, 'England Looks at Europe,' gives eloquent expression to a state of mind

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that is spreading, and several leading editorials in the *Times* point the same moral. For one thing, there are prospects of a budget deficit:—

> Unemployment is clearly destined to cost many more millions than was anticipated; the acceptance of President Hoover's proposals will cost the British taxpayer £11,000,000; the cost of the floating debt is rising; the prospect of a conversion operation is receding; and the state of trade is such as seriously to threaten the revenue so far as the yield of taxes varies with the resources of the taxpayer in the actual year of charge. Failing preventive measures, therefore, a very heavy deficit is in prospect under unusually alarming conditions.

The *Times* laid the entire blame for this condition on the Labor Government's extravagance, but three days later another editorial indicated that other evil forces are at work:—

> Our credit balance for investment overseas declined from £138,000,000 in 1929 to £30,000,000 in 1930, and to-day appears likely to disappear completely during 1931. The reluctance of the City to participate in the proposed Hungarian loan is clearly due to the fact that we no longer have any money to lend abroad. The productivity of our basic trades is steadily declining. According to the Board of Trade figures, the general decline in 1930 as compared with 1929 amounted to 7.6 per cent, but was 22 per cent in the iron and steel trade and 20 per cent in the textile trades; and the latest statistics issued by Lloyd's Register of Shipping are, in the words of our Labor correspondent, 'the worst that are remembered.' The number of the unemployed on the live register is 2,660,000, and is within 31,000 of the highest total ever recorded.

The *Daily Telegraph*, a more conservative organ than the *Times*, expresses less alarm and finds consolation in the position of the Bank of England:—

> It is the present solvency of Britain and the unquestioned will to solvency in the people of Britain that make London, in the Chancellor's phrase, 'the best market in the world for foreign investments.' The important, and, indeed, vital fact remains that the credit of Great Britain, which has shouldered far greater burdens than any other country in the world and remitted its former allies four-fifths to two-thirds of their debts, has stood every drain and every assault unimpaired. In Berlin the other day the Prime Minister could say with complete truth that the phrase 'as safe as the Bank of England' means as much to-day as ever it did.

MORE IMPRESSIVE than the testimony of newspaper editorials is the report of the Treasury Committee on Finance and Industry, known as the Macmillan Report, which shows that British credit is as good as ever but which urges what amounts to a gentle currency inflation. The *Statist* sums up its recommendations as follows:—

> It is suggested that the bank should have power to issue notes up to, say, £400,000,000, this being £20,000,000 above the seasonal maximum of the present active note circulation and that there should be no statutory relationshp between

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> the amount of the circulation and the size of the gold reserve, the bank being merely bound not to allow the gold reserve to fall below, say, £75,000,000, this being regarded as an 'ultimate reserve, not to be brought into consideration in ordinary cases, but kept as a last resort for use only on grave national occasions and after special deliberation between the Government and the bank.'
>
> It must not be inferred from this recommendation that the committee desire to help an early inflation of currency in this country. They insist upon the maintenance of the gold standard at the present parity of sterling and by their recommendations they merely wish to ensure that in future the Bank of England shall not be forced by its statutes to act as a drag on any international expansion of credit and recovery in prices.

The hand of John M. Keynes, a member of the committee, is clearly revealed here.

THE DETERMINATION of American moving-picture producers to present only one feature picture at each performance and to pad the bill with various 'short subjects' is proving the salvation of the film industry in Great Britain, where the public has a strong preference for witnessing two feature pictures on a single ticket of admission. Legislation has also helped to encourage the native product, and a quota system has been established whereby each exhibitor must show a certain proportion of British films. The attempts of Hollywood magnates, backed by American bankers and the American electrical industry, to monopolize the film trade of the whole world have always aroused particularly strong opposition in England, and when the talking picture was introduced British exhibitors claimed that they were being 'blackmailed' into using American equipment. The Conservative British press, concerned as it is with imperial matters, has always emphasized the propaganda possibilities of the screen. It has applauded the recent success of the British in securing wider foreign distribution for their films and is still convinced that America's fear of British commercial supremacy is the only reason why so few British pictures are shown in the United States.

'BIRTHS DOWN, deaths down, emigration down; population up by two millions, population of London up by nearly three quarters of a million; excess of females over males slightly down.' This sentence from the *New Statesman and Nation* sums up the preliminary report on the British census for 1931. The figures, based on the population as at midnight on Sunday, April 26, show an increase of 5.52 per cent compared with the census of ten years ago. This is less than half the rate of gain ever recorded in any previous decade except that of 1911 to 1921, which covered the war-time period. The absolute increase is also the lowest on

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record except for the decade between 1851 and 1861, when the population was half what it is now. If the present tendency continues—as it gives every indication of doing—the population of England will soon start to decline, since the birth-rate of 16.3 per thousand is not enough to maintain it at its present level. Some economists believe that this is a misfortune because it works against mass production, but the *New Statesman and Nation* does not share such fears:—

> We do not join in the chorus of sorrow. Smaller families mean on the whole healthier families, better nurtured and educated families, more efficient and productive families, as well as a far better life for the mothers. Nor, in face of the work of rationalization in dispensing with labor, need we fear a shortage of hands to perform the necessary productive tasks. It is true that the transition has its awkward moments; it means a period during which there will be an abnormally large proportion of elderly people, and during which the working population will therefore form a smaller fraction of the whole. But this need not trouble us overmuch, except as it reacts immediately on the tone and temper of the electorate, or makes us run temporarily short of courageous leadership. It is assuredly no reason for regretting a fall in the birth-rate, though we may regret that this fall is to some extent selective, because the more intelligent sections of the population are the first to resort to birth control.

The population trend in England is away from the textile districts in the north and from the Welsh coal fields. London and the southern counties, where new industries have come to life, are growing.

PRUSSIA'S VOTE not to dissolve the Socialist administration of Otto Braun shows that no revolution can occur in Germany without the aid of the working class. Hugenberg's Nationalists and Hitler's National Socialists, composed chiefly of disgruntled white-collar men and financed chiefly by big business men and landowners, failed to attract enough discontented workingmen to vote the Socialists out. The Communists, recognizing that their chance cannot come until the Nationalists have tried and failed, did not exert themselves fully. As a special correspondent of the *Week-end Review* writes from Frankfurt:—

> Communism, if or when it comes in Germany, is far more likely to come through the conditions provoked by a Fascist policy of repudiation of political debts than through civil war. In fact, the Communists could not to-day obtain power by force, for the *Reichswehr*, the police, the *Stahlhelm*, and other patriotic societies are far too strong, better organized, and better fed.

The immediate prospect is a Fascist dictatorship in which Dr. Brüning will probably be represented. The two Nationalist parties have begun to attract some able men,—notably Dr. Schacht,—and if they do not go too far in the way of repudiating private foreign loans they will probably find themselves being praised abroad just as Mussolini is. The

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danger, however, is that the best element in the working class, which now votes Social Democratic, will go over to Communism. That such a possibility exists is shown by the following report from the same correspondent of the *Week-end Review* quoted above:—

> A few days ago I missed the face of a stall keeper on the main square where I buy my papers. An hour later I read that he and all his family had been found dead in their gas-filled garret. Such wholesale suicides are now of daily occurrence in every city, and the statistics for this year will be terrifying. Last year there were over 16,000 suicides in Germany, and the daily average during the last three years for which figures are complete was over forty-four. When recently the *Reichswehr* needed 6,000 men to replace those whose terms of service had expired there were 80,000 applicants, half of which number would have been inadmissible on account of undernourishment.
>
> A French weekly recently quoted a German teachers' organ as estimating that half the children of Berlin had nothing to eat or drink before attending school in the morning. From a peace pamphlet attacking the 'cruiser policy' and its expenditure, which was thrust into my letter box, I learn that in North Germany every fifth child has no bed to sleep in. The German nation has been proletarized. About sixty million people have a *per capita* income of some £40, another four million, which comprises the remains of the middle class, average a little over £200 per head, the remaining few hundred thousands alone live in comfort or luxury. The number of bankruptcies in the first six months of the present year was double that of the preceding six months.

A nation in which such conditions prevail may not be satisfied with a reactionary revolution.

IN AN ARTICLE appearing in *Les Annales* of Paris but written chiefly for American consumption, Mussolini makes the point that the Disarmament Conference must succeed or else Bolshevism will spread throughout Europe. This thesis does not win the sympathy of the French, who know that Italy's zeal for peace is partly due to the fact that the country cannot afford to support a large army and navy much longer. Also, the more reactionary Paris newspapers speak of the possibility of a war against Russia almost as openly as the Communists do themselves. Though Germany at the moment is the chief immediate object of concern to France, the most terrifying prospect of all is that of a Bolshevized Germany uniting with Russia. Pierre Bernus, writing in the *Journal des Débats*, says:—

> Armament reduction as it is conceived in Berlin, Rome, Washington, and London would reduce the power of resistance of those countries that are now proving obstacles to the projected upheavals from which those who want to create a veritable state of chaos in Europe would profit. The forces of destruction would soon be in the ascendency and an era of violence would begin. It is then that the Bolshevist peril would reveal itself in a menacing fashion.

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It should be added that the fear of Bolshevism is a very real thing in Italy, too. The Rome correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* asserts that many Roman Catholics resent the Pope's hostility to Mussolini because they see in Fascism the only safeguard against Communism.

IN SPITE of violent uprisings organized by the Syndicalists in the neighborhood of Seville, the Spanish Revolution has given an extraordinarily good account of itself. If the inherent character of a nation can ever be said to have prevailed over economic necessity, certainly it has done so in Spain, where a revolution has been achieved and a new government established in power with virtually no bloodshed at all. Soon after Alfonso had fled, pessimists began predicting that Spain would go the way of Russia—as if history ever did repeat itself or as if the situations in the two countries were identical.

One powerful party, the Syndicalist Union, is still working for the unachieved social revolution, and its members have proved far more effective th n the Communists, who refuse for reasons of doctrine to associate with anybody else. The most practical step that the Government has yet taken to insure against future trouble is to forbid foreigners to buy land. The Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* explains this measure as follows:—

> In order to prevent foreign speculators from taking advantage of the low value of the peseta and to forestall any panic among landowners in view of probable agrarian reforms, the Government issued a decree prohibiting the purchase by foreigners of land or buildings in rural areas of the Spanish Republic. Exceptions will be made only when the Government thinks fit to grant special concessions in cases where the land is required for industrial purposes. Foreigners who inherit rural property will be required to sell it within two years. If this is not done the state will sell the land and give the proceeds to the proprietor.
>
> Restrictions on the placing of mortgages on Spanish rural property by foreign banks are also included in the decree. The decree is retroactive on all foreigners who have bought rural property since April 14. They are obliged to sell it within two years.
>
> Spain is determined that it shall not suffer the same fate as befell Germany during the mark-inflation period, when foreigners bought all kinds of property. The measure is also intended to counter attempts by aristocrats who fled from the country in April to offer their estates for sale at very low prices abroad.

STALIN'S SPEECH announcing that the piece-work system of wages would be introduced in certain Russian industries has received many interpretations. The most plausible we have encountered is set forth in an article that appears elsewhere in this issue by a British engineer who maintains that the Five-Year Plan has been such a success in respect to

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agriculture that special inducements have to be offered to keep it up to scratch industrially. The *Manchester Guardian* sees in the new wage scale a slow reversion to capitalism. Russia has had to abandon the slogan, 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his need,' since it is engaged in transforming itself from an agricultural to an industrial nation. But the real testing time is yet to come and will not arrive until Russia is so thoroughly industrialized that it can sell consumers' goods on a large scale. At present there are no such goods to spare, but, when the machinery that is now being built starts functioning, the Communist principles of equality will have a real chance to prove their worth.

Nikolaus Basseches writes from Moscow to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna making another point. He contends that Communism cannot survive without the trained minds of the middle class and he compares Stalin's speech to Lenin's announcement of the New Economic Policy in 1921. Lenin, however, admitted that he was beating a strategic retreat, whereas Stalin insists that he is still marching forward. The fact that Herr Basseches is himself an engineer may have something to do with his belief that his class and profession command respect even among Communists.

QUITE POSSIBLY the attempted tariff union between Germany and Austria was a tactical blunder, since it aroused the suspicions of the French at a time when their good will was of superlative value to the Reich. But the idea itself was a good one and subsequent events indicate that some form of economic alliance will develop in Central Europe, whether the French like it or not. Already commercial treaties have been signed between Austria and Yugoslavia and between Germany and Hungary. Provided the other states that enjoy most-favored-nation treatment approve,—and the chances are that they will,—the duty on Hungarian cereals imported to Germany will be reduced 25 per cent and a similar reduction will be granted to German industrial goods entering Hungary. In the case of Austria and Yugoslavia, the Austrians will take certain fixed quantities of cereals and pigs in return for corresponding quantities of Austrian manufactured goods. This marks the end of Briand's European Union scheme, which would have crystallized in economic form the present political ascendency of France throughout Europe.

THE NEWS that the population of Japan is increasing at the rate of 2500 a day will only serve to make those who believe in the 'Yellow

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Peril' more convinced than ever that the white race is going to be crowded off the earth. The following item in the *Japan Advertiser* tells the story:—

> There was an average daily increase of 2,500 persons in the population of Japan during 1930, 1.74 a minute, according to the Statistical Bureau of the Cabinet. The total increase was 912,592, 97,100 more than during 1929. Only once before has the figure been so high; that was in 1926, when the margin between births and deaths was 943,671.
>
> The increase, it is said, is caused less by a rising birth-rate than by a falling death-rate. During 1930, 2,083,991 babies were born, 3.97 every minute. The number born in 1929 was only slightly lower, 2,076,418, which was 7,573 under the number in 1928. Deaths during 1930 totaled 1,171,399, a decrease of 89,527 from the 1929 total of 1,260,926.
>
> The birth-rate among the laboring class, the Home Ministry has learned, is very high. Investigation of 4,500 married women working in representative mines and factories revealed that, on an average, they have given birth to four babies each within ten years of married life and five babies within fifteen years.

THREE LONG dispatches from China by a special correspondent of the London *Times* have presented a rather gloomy picture of the country as a whole. First the writer describes the fighting between the North and South which finally led to a peaceful settlement between Chiang Kai-shek, of the Nationalist Party, and Chang Hsueh-liang, the Manchurian leader. His second article deals with the steady progress of modern ideas and customs in China, and his third discusses the ravages of the Communists and the wastefulness of the military system. The closing paragraphs, summing up the whole investigation, are particularly revealing:—

> It would be futile to conclude because a new spirit is abroad that the future of China is well assured. The circumstances are against her and nothing short of a high order of statesmanship will suffice to overcome them. The immense size of the country and the temperamental incompatibility of North and South make the attainment of unity difficult, perhaps impossible. The system of government adopted is foreign to a people accustomed to despotism. The old administrative machinery is wrecked and the new has hardly begun to function. The educated are extremely few in comparison with the myriads of the population.
>
> Patriotism is a new cult and is in conflict with the universal idea that the appointment to public office is mainly an opportunity for the individual to benefit himself. In politics persons count more than principles. The nationalism of the day owes its origin as much to anti-foreign feeling as to any lofty resolve to raise the status of the country. The demand for the abolition of extraterritoriality while law is so largely in abeyance betrays the tendency to pursue the shadow and neglect the substance.
>
> China's would-be rulers have imagination, but they seem deficient in the sense of reality, and with such concrete problems confronting them as militarism, banditry, Communism, the load of debt, and the economic confusion, it may well be questioned whether they possess the practical and moral qualities necessary for

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guidance during the country's trying period of transition. China must always be a great emporium for trade, but whether she is likely to emerge in the near future as a well organized and established state cannot yet be affirmed.

AS THE DATE of Gandhi's visit to London draws near, the British press has begun to express anxiety as to the outcome of the negotiations. Even so moderate a paper as the *Manchester Guardian*, which has always urged forbearance in India, says:—

> Indian distrust of British purposes is almost as strong as ever, and along with it there are now appearing the first signs of a conviction that India is at length getting the upper hand in her struggle with Britain, that she will soon be able to make her own terms, and that the time has come to demand reparation for the past and to proclaim the doctrine of *væ victis*.

The *Guardian* then argues that Winston Churchill's solution of armed force is certainly not the wise one and quotes Scripture: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him.' Compromise is the only solution and it must be arrived at by these methods:—

> In regard to words, first and foremost we must understand that wherever Britain appears to dictate Indian nationalism is irresistibly tempted to say 'No.' Then, in regard to principle, it is true, as Lord Reading has hinted, that the principle of authority must be securely enshrined in the new Constitution. But it has to be considered whether the authority that should be empowered to secure law, order, justice, and financial common sense need always and everywhere be a British authority. We must remember that, as long as any vestige of British control remains, Indian nationalism will continue to manifest itself in an aggressive form. The value and permanence of any settlement will therefore depend on reducing the sphere of British authority within the narrowest and most clearly defined limits. Even where an external authority has to be invoked it is worth considering whether the League of Nations could not for some purposes replace the British Parliament.

The editorial ends on a note of warning, advising Gandhi to take the English as he finds them—

> a nation of shopkeepers who have learned that we cannot force our customers to buy from us, that it pays us to be on good terms with them, that their ruin is our loss and their prosperity our prosperity.

England will not, however, 'take over India's debt or prohibit the export of cotton goods to India by way of reparation for past injuries.' The question is whether the Indians will be as easily able as the English to forget the past.

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Whether Europe stands or falls depends on England. Here are three pieces of evidence, one British, one French, one German, that a common destiny binds all of Western civilization together.

England, What *of the* Night?

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. ENGLAND LOOKS AT EUROPE

By WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Weekly

WHAT HAS happened to Germany? Could it happen to us? These were the questions which leaped to everyone's mind last week. There was something chilling and fearful in the crisis as the world in this last month has seen it develop. It was like watching a great ship suddenly reel and go under in the blue centre of the sea. Germany was forging ahead, solidly and ably captained, Hindenburg her president, Brüning her chancellor. She had managed her Parliament, she had balanced her budget, she was serving all her loans, she had tackled the dole, she had a tariff, she had a great agricultural population, she even had no burden of armaments.

True, there were the reparations, but these had been adjusted by conferences and arguments, and careful plans signed after long, courteous debate by all the world's professors. True there was the quarrel with France; but that had gone on for a thousand years. Meanwhile Germany had gone forward in the world's trading till she had pulled up to Britain; pulled level with Britain; pulled past Britain—with an export trade for the first six months of 1931 of £238,000,000 as against Britain's £235,000,000.

Quite suddenly she was on her knees, she was gasping for breath, she was prostrate. The North Wool Syndicate crashed, the Darmstädter Bank shut down, as though we should walk out into the street and see in every town and every village closed doors at Lloyds Bank or the Midland. Then crisis began to run wider yet. The

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Reichsbank, the Bank of England of Germany, came down to its legal limit of reserves, hung on that limit, passed that limit, in spite of all that men could do, in spite of twenty millions sterling poured into its vaults by the central banks from all over the world. The faster it was poured in the faster it was snatched out. The French took their money, the Americans took their money, Amsterdam, Brussels, Warsaw, Rome took their money. All the world wanted to get its money away from the mark. It was not a run on the banks; it was a run on Germany; and then the Germans joined in also, and there was a run on Germany by the Germans themselves.

Then everything happened at once. All the banks in Germany closed their doors for forty-eight hours. Dr. Luther began to fly round Europe in an aëroplane, asking at each capital if they could let him have any money, and being hastened by each on to the next. And then the sign of a real world crisis, as apart from a merely German crisis, suddenly became manifest. There began a run on the pound sterling. It fell in the day by a franc and three-quarters.

Last Wednesday men came back from the City to the House of Commons like soldiers coming down out of the line. There is no mistaking that atmosphere. Men say little, they sit quiet, they are glad to be at peace. They are not able to accept the things around them as real. Reality is out there where they left it, where they will have to go and meet it again.

By the end of the week that assault had been shaken off and the pound stood firm. Montagu Norman and the City in general have fought all this battle in the grand manner. Last week, for the first time since 1918, England recovered that captaincy of her soul and of events which is her hallmark of a really dangerous situation. Many people thought that captaincy had gone for good. Certainly there have been few enough signs of it lately either in industry or in politics. The City went out for victory. The essence of victory is not mere resistance but counter attack. The psychology of the City all last week has been the psychology of counter attack. They would not worry about sterling; sterling would hold itself. The weak part of the line was the mark. That got support from London in every way that London knew.

What was the peril that so suddenly reached out at Germany? It was above all the peril of call money. Call moneys, short-term loans, promises to pay whose fulfillment may at any moment be demanded, are as deadly as shifting cargo to a ship without bulkheads that has run into rough water. No one can halt it; no one can say where it will turn up next. It may gather a momentum that will smother any attempts to withstand it. But Germany was on short-term money because she could not get long-term. She could not get long-term because confidence in her at bottom was lacking. Confidence in her was lacking because of the general situation. No one is guiltless of bringing that situation about, and certainly Germany herself must share the responsibility.

This is not a time for recrimination, but for reconstruction. It is certainly not a time for washy sentimentalism or for saying that it is all the fault of the French, who have so conveniently turned up to replace a personal devil for the use of our pacifist pantheists.

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Germany made the Hitler elections last September. The Hitler elections started the rot. Nothing has been done to face up to that situation.

It is true that the French, but for the City, would have ruined Austria and Germany, and that they struck a blow, partly deliberate and partly automatic, for the ruin of London. But the French are not devils, but ordinary human beings. Their reactions are the ordinary reactions of human beings. The danger from France is that she is so strong and in some ways so reckless. Is it not wonderful that a nation of forty millions, slaughtered and burned out so short a time ago, should have become so strong so soon, even financially, that it can rattle the gates of the Bank of England and bring ruin about Europe by writing upon stamped paper?

France did not lose in the War only in dead men and wrecked territory. She lost from her savings a quarter of all her oversea investments at a single blow. A quarter of the French investment was in Russia—not in munitions—in gasworks and waterworks and railways and factory plant. That was confiscated in an afternoon, the personal savings of 1,600,000 separate small men, verified by proven statement. This is not an academic digression. The plight of Germany to-day is because of call money; and the French insistence upon call money abroad, and the interest on it in gold, paid year by year into her hand as it falls due, is the direct and inescapable result of the experiences of those 1,600,000 small men and others like them who do not now trust foreign investment any more than a man trusts an eel that he holds by the tail.

France is so strong because of the investing power that distills from the passionate and constant saving of millions of small homes up and down the land of France. She is reckless because, as it is passionately saved, this money is also passionately owned; and when it is in danger the French will call it home and put it under lock and key with as little compunction for those whom they are inconveniencing as a shepherd has for the hungry wolves when he folds his flocks at night.

It is not so in the City. London has gained her present great position, not only because she has a great deal of money to invest, but because she recognizes in an odd and almost unformulated fashion a sort of dual ownership of the moneys so invested. London prefers long-term investment to short-term. She recognizes, with a wry smile, but philosophically, that anyone who invests money abroad will lose a great deal of it. London prefers to trust rather to the general prosperity of her clients than to the success or failure of any particular investment for reimbursement of her ventures. Almost it seems, to an outsider, as though she cared very little whether she was pouring out investments or subsidies, being confident that all the money of the world, sooner or later, will flow along Lombard Street, and that she will dip it up as it flows. The great thing is, she believes, to get it going, to keep it circulating. She casts her bread upon the waters believing that it will return to her after many days.

THE Americans are halfway between these two attitudes. As an investing nation they share the

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small-town mentality of the French. It is only since the War that they have passed from a debtor nation into a creditor nation, from a nation of borrowers to a nation of lenders. They think with perfect horror of anyone's defaulting upon an international obligation. Further, they have convinced themselves that it is morally wrong.

It is this attitude that London patiently continues to argue them out of, explaining that if you lend a man money to restore his position, and then knock him up several times in a year, late at night, insisting that he show you that he really has got it, you are not increasing his confidence; you are diminishing it. Also, that there is a percentage of waste in all transactions, and in international lending more than most. Yet, again, that a nation may choose whether it will be an exporting nation or not, but that if it wishes to have an export trade it must lend money and keep it lent, for that is simply the same thing stated in another way. Lastly, that to call home money is to call home goods, and for a modern industrial state that spells unemployment.

The present danger with the Americans is that they act upon French principles on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and on British principles on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. On Sunday the President telephones all over the United States asking what they think of it.

Nevertheless, the desire of the United States to see Europe prosperous, which was always present, is today enormously reinforced, since the slump has proved that the prosperity of Europe is a factor essential to the agriculture and industry of America. If she stays in that attitude Germany will be saved. If she gets upon the high moral tack Germany will be lost.

The danger to Germany is that through half a dozen opposing pulls there may come neutralization, and that nothing may get itself done. That was the fear that led to the wider panic. That is the value of the conferences and committees now meeting in Paris. It is the fear lest no conscious direction take place that drives men crazy. They would prefer conscious devilment. If they felt that a concerted attempt were being made to bring Germany to destruction they would know where they stood. That the peoples should stand and wrangle while a great nation is dropped and smashed like a piece of crockery would be the last horror. It would be violent madness, and for violent madness there is nothing but the strait-waistcoat.

Can it happen to us? Not in these same terms. One of the few definite conclusions of the Macmillan Committee is that the position of Great Britain as a creditor country is enormously strong. The amount of call money held on behalf of other nations, such as France, has actually declined in recent years from £302,000,000 in 1928 to £254,000,000 in 1930, which was a surprise even to the Committee itself. From the material side there are not the makings of such a situation. From the nonmaterial side all we can say is that it is a question of captaincy, of direction. The Macmillan Committee informs us that within the near future the creditor countries will need to lend an aggregate of not less than £400,000,000 per annum if the gold stocks of the world are not to be sucked up and disappear. After an analysis of the difficulties of handling such a sum they sapiently remark:

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'The most difficult task is likely to be to find borrowers of sufficient standing to give confidence to investors.' It is, indeed! The brakes of the present credit machine have seized; the engine of production, powerful as ever, is slogging ahead. The whole thing will burst violently into flames unless some remedy can be found. This present crisis will be solved, this difficulty will be surmounted, Germany will be saved. But this difficulty is a symptom only, not a disease. That is why one must write, 'The crisis continues.'

II. France Looks at England

By Jacques Bardoux

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semiofficial Daily

DOES THERE exist under the canopy of heaven a single economist who believed that the dramatic intervention of President Hoover, the difficult concession of a brief moratorium, the vehement panic of Anglo-Saxon financiers, and the world-wide publicity proclaiming the danger of a German collapse would check the failure of the mark and open up new sources of credit? I do not believe so, but if such a man exists his hopes could have enjoyed but a brief autumn of life.

To assure that kind of restoration of the Reich that Wall Street and Lombard Street persist in believing more necessary to their prosperity than the revival of Western and Eastern Europe, every effort should have been made to hold in check those psychological forces that blow checks and bills of exchange before them like leaves before a storm. Hitler's followers ought to have been demobilized and the Steel Helmets ought to have been restrained. The construction of the new cruiser should have been postponed and it should not be christened the *Elsass-Lothringen*. Fifty-year-old generals should not have been given princely old-age pensions and unlimited sums should not have been spent on public works. Foreign credit should not have been immobilized and Germany should not have tried to become Russia's western frontier. Instead it should have worked for the European Union and never have tried to form a tariff union with Austria. And, finally, in an atmosphere so charged with storm no sudden thunderclap of alarm should have been sounded; no unexpected outcries should have been heard.

For the moment the panic has subsided, but, whether we like it or not, sooner or later the whole question of reparations and debts will be reopened with the official coöperation of America, the creditor. There will be imperious arbitration, agitated debate, and finally an obscure solution. France cannot possibly emerge from this new impasse without excessive sacrifices and diminished prestige as long as she remains isolated and allows herself to be outmanœuvred.

Naturally our thoughts turn toward the nation that proved our most effective aid during the War and our most uncertain helper during the peace that followed. What is the

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present Franco-British atmosphere? But such a question presupposes another. What is the British atmosphere?

These ideas flow from my pen as a result of a visit to England from which I have just returned. England is not dying; it is alive. England has not collapsed; it is continuing. But during this normal process of evolution and this permanent process of adaptation, which both the War and the peace have made more urgent and difficult, the British people seem to betray more anxiety, more hesitation, more slothfulness than their neighbors across the Channel. The two stations at Dover and Calais—the former with its dirty wooden walls, its narrow waiting room, its little, low railway carriages, its old-fashioned, puffing engines; and the other with its clean brick walls, its big glass windows, its high, vast carriages, its new, gigantic locomotives—remain a symbolic vision. England is staggering under the weight of an industrial plant that should be renewed, of an imperial structure that should be revived, of social charges that should be liquidated. Time is needed, but time is pressing. England also lacks a ruling class because its ruling class enlisted as volunteers in greater numbers than the ruling class of any other belligerent power—which is something that a Frenchman should never forget—and Britain sacrificed this class on the plains of Flanders and the slopes of the Dardanelles.

English soil is being cultivated less and less. Every effort made during the War by public service and private initiative to prevent this decline has failed since that time. Between Dover and London I did not see two fields of grain, and it did not seem to me that market gardens or orchards, cattle herds or poultry flocks were increasing.

Figures and statistics confirm what the passing visitor witnesses. Never was less wheat sown in England than in 1929. During that year alone a reduction of 158,000 acres brought the amount of arable land down to 8,143,000 acres as compared with 15,303,000 acres of open country. In ten years 2,000,000 acres have gone out of cultivation and 75,000 workers have lost their jobs. In England and Wales the rural population amounts to only twenty per cent of the total. Half the nation lives in cities of more than 50,000 inhabitants and a quarter lives in thirteen cities of more than 250,000 inhabitants. The city of London alone contains 8,202,000 inhabitants, one-fifth of the population of England and Wales.

This urban and predominantly feminine population—for there are 1,087 women to every thousand men—looks more and more middle class. Time was when the foreign visitor was struck by the difference between London and Paris crowds. There was less middle-class equality in London and more luxury at the top and misery at the bottom. To-day, however, it is impossible not to notice the parallel tendency of both the masses and the aristocrats to become middle class.

In the rich quarters of town innumerable hotels have been destroyed, emptied, or adapted to new purposes. Their proprietors sublet them with or without food and service. Gone are the days when rich families came to spend the season in London in their town houses. Now they go to hotels. There are fewer opera hats

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and dinner jackets. The automobiles and the servants look more simple. The income tax as well as the business depression has laid the rich people low. But, on the other hand, the decline in the birth rate and the fall in prices, the larger earnings of the salaried men and the generous proportions of the dole have raised the lower incomes. More equality is the result.

STATISTICS confirm the existence of this national tendency to become more middle class, a tendency that is also illustrated by the apparent well-being of the crowds and the Continental elegance of the women. Here are two proofs: When Philip Snowden announced his projected tax on land, the Laborites and radicals could not contain their joy at the thought of squeezing the landlords, a few dukes and marquises. But when the Treasury informed them that the tax was going to affect twelve or thirteen million estates there was general astonishment and amendments began to rain down from heaven. The total amount of small savings, which came to some two and a half billion dollars in 1913, had risen in 1928 to some ten billion dollars, and after close study the *Economist* and the *Times* announced that in Lancashire the unemployment crisis may have slowed down progress but it has not reduced savings.

Urban, middle-class England is in the midst of a painful economic transformation, and I use the word 'transformation,' advisedly, not 'decline.' Far be it from me to deny what obvious figures proclaim. From 1913 to 1930 the population of Great Britain increased eight per cent. The volume of its exports declined thirty per cent, while world trade increased twenty-five per cent. A middle-class population of city dwellers cannot live off its own soil or off its own investments. No doubt the three oldest exporting industries—textiles, metals, and coal—are undergoing a great crisis. Obviously, the deficit in the national balance of payments has to be made up by the proceeds of foreign investments and by the profits of new industries. I am quite aware that net costs should be reduced, and that this cannot be done within the narrow limits set by a comfortable national standard of living.

Undeniably this dramatic evolution implies an upheaval in British production. But how can one fail to recognize that this upheaval is on the way to being achieved? The economic organism is a living organism. Its capacities of resistance are equaled only by its forces of adaptation. Gropingly, without systematic plan or logical method, under the influence of private initiative rather than of governmental stimulus, on different levels and in opposite directions, individuals, in true English fashion, are achieving this economic transformation instinctively, at the last moment, under the pressure of imperious necessity. How can we fail to recognize this process when we witness the tendency of the working population to move southward and to engage in new industries everywhere? Consider the tenacious efforts at industrial concentration as well as the amazing success of certain technical plants. Consider the bold programme of national electrification and the energetic efforts to renovate the coal industry. Consider the firmer control of the colonies that

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provide raw materials and the impending negotiations with the colonies that offer a field for immigration. Consider the prosperity of the domestic market and the powers of resistance of the financial organizations.

England's task is a difficult one made more difficult by the uncertainties of an incompetent government that lacks a majority, that has become the victim of the mysticism it created, and that is hampered by the promises it made. Its task is a painful one. How can such an upheaval fail to avoid doing damage, inflicting wounds and causing amputations? But it is an absorbing task and it takes so many different forms and extends to so many different fields that we cannot follow it out in detail. The work is not yet finished. It has only started and its results are uncertain. The crisis continues.

Modern England is becoming more urban and middle class, more individualistic and undisciplined, less balanced and stratified. It lacks admiration for its leaders and confidence in its institutions. It is living in a state of tension. Europe, and France in particular, cannot, therefore, count on its docile presence and its cordial collaboration. England cannot be anything but distant and coldly insular. She observes without good will and participates without politeness.

III. Germany Looks at England

By Dr. Max Jordan

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IT WAS NO coincidence that Secretary of State Stimson and Prime Minister MacDonald visited the capital of the Reich almost simultaneously. For some time now the English and American Governments have been working together in relation to European politics. Two years ago, shortly after MacDonald was installed as leader of the Labor Government, he signalized this new course by going to Washington and visiting the White House, in defiance of all diplomatic precedent. As a result of this visit, Anglo-American relations took on an entirely new aspect.

The first subject that the two countries attacked was naval disarmament. To Europe this meant that England was no longer acting the part of middleman solely on her own account but that she was also representing her American partner, with whom she had entered into a definite *entente cordiale*. One logical result of the post-war period was that America, having retired into isolation as a result of her disillusionment at Versailles, gradually came to feel the need, as she became more involved in the European markets, of finding a vigorous representative of her interests abroad. In consequence, the British and Americans decided upon which rôle each nation should play, thus doubling the impetus of the foreign policy of the two nations.

But only the impetus was doubled, not the results. The London Naval Conference revealed that Hoover and MacDonald had made a mistake in their reckonings. England and

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America had both assumed that political and economic stability throughout the world could not be reëstablished until the various crises in Europe had been overcome. Each nation was interested in establishing peace and stability, but each viewed Continental problems from its insular or transatlantic position. For that reason both reckoned all too simply in estimating the tensions that existed between the closely packed nations of Europe.

The Naval Treaty was the proof. Paris and Rome prevented the kind of maritime peace that Washington and London desired. Although at first it looked as if the Anglo-American united front had forced France into a defensive position, it soon became evident that France was really a great power of equal importance that had resorted to strategic diplomatic methods to turn its passive resistance into a real offensive. Anglo-American policy in Europe was wrecked on the rocks of French resistance. The same spirit that Wilson and Lloyd George had tried to conjure up at Versailles again failed to materialize in the hands of Hoover and MacDonald. French foreign policy revealed itself as autonomous, and neither economic nor political pressure could change its course.

For decades England had profited from European rivalries and had applied the formula of 'Divide and conquer.' It was able to sway the balance of power by casting its influence one way or the other. But to-day this principle is a dangerous anachronism. The experience of the past twelve years has conclusively proved that all Europe must live or go under together. No system of alliances, no concert of powers, however impressive from a military or economic point of view, can control the forces produced by the supernational technique and cultural ties that have lately developed.

The recent travels of the various statesmen are going to prepare the way for Europe to become an entity and to recognize its common destiny. The methods applied at Chequers will ultimately lead us to ignore frontiers. But these methods must be firmly applied. We wish every success to England in the leading rôle that she is now being called upon to take in relation to Europe, provided, of course, she remains strictly nonpartisan, and it is surely as much to British as to German interests for her to remain so under all circumstances.

Prime Minister MacDonald and Foreign Secretary Henderson came to Berlin as guests of our Government in order to give public evidence of their impartiality. That is why their visit produced so much pleasure and satisfaction among the German people. We hope that our English guests took back to London with them the impression of friendship that their visit signified to the German people, and that they felt our sympathy. To-day, as ever, England can play the part of an honest intermediary in Europe if she holds aloof from any one-sided alliance and retains complete freedom of action in every direction. The same thing holds true of America. If the *pax Anglo-Americana* of MacDonald and Hoover is erected on such a basis in Europe it will bear fruit. Its finest result would be to have France and Germany become friends through the assistance of England and America.

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A British engineer who has visited Moscow explains the significance of Stalin's new policy. He argues that the Five-Year Plan is already an agricultural success but that it must be saved from becoming an industrial failure.

Why Stalin SHIFTED

By J. Parnell Mandeville

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

A GREAT DEAL has been written lately about the recent changes of policy of the Soviet Government, but unfortunately the writers seem to have been trying to twist the news either to prove that the Five-Year Plan is a dismal failure or to make out that there has been no change of policy at all. For the intelligent observer this is annoying, because it is clearly important that both the successes and failures of this immense experiment should be accurately reported.

On reading the complete report of Stalin's speech that was published in *Izvestia* of July 5, I feel that a very important aspect of these changes of policy has been completely overlooked. It is true that the changes have been forced upon the Government in part by the failure of the industrial programme, but what is so important is that the main changes have been precipitated by the success of the collective-farming movement. It is this side of the question that now deserves attention.

To obtain perspective it is necessary to go back to a time when even members of the Communist Party thought the collective farms would be a failure. Early in 1929 Bukharin told the party that the collective farms could only be expected to supply the grain necessary for the country in from five to ten years; in October of that year only 8.8 per cent of the peasant households were in the collectives. In March 1930 Stalin issued a protest against forcing peasants into collectives, and at once there was a great cry throughout our press that the peasant policy had failed and the collectives were a

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failure. But when we come on to 1931 we find that the percentage of peasants in collectives had risen sharply to 35 per cent by March 1, and from that date onward peasants were entering the collectives at the rate of 1,000,000 households every twenty days, until in June 1931 we were confronted with the astounding figure of a 54 per cent collectivization.

This means that there are now over 13,000,000 peasant households in these farms, or rather more than the total of village households in Germany and France put together.

What is the reason for this? It is to be found in the simple fact that peasants working large areas of pooled land with tractors can make much bigger profits than the individualist ever dreamed of. On an average the poor peasant doubled his income by joining a collective. No wonder there was a rush to join when the spring results showed this increase of income.

The change in the condition of the poor peasant has created an entirely new situation, and Stalin in his speech started off with this point: 'The conditions of the growth of our industry have changed in their very roots and have created a new setting that demands a new conception of management. . . . You will remember the old formula: "The flight of the peasant from the country into the town." What compelled the peasant to leave the country? Fear of hunger and of being out of work. The country was to the peasant a stepmother from whom he was ready to run away, it mattered not into what hell, provided he could get work.' The picture has now completely changed: there is neither unemployment nor starvation in the country.

The town workers have been in the past mobilized in groups and sent into the country to help the collectives, and one may read between the lines of Stalin's speech not only that the peasants have ceased to flow into the towns, but that the workers have begun to flow back to the country. Naturally enough these workers, who are in many cases really peasants, would prefer to stay in the country. They would also write and tell their friends how fine country life was—no rationing to speak of, plenty of butter and eggs, and so on—and soon there would be a steady trickle out of the factories and the mines back to the country, where the collectives, ever anxious to enlarge themselves, would absorb these workers permanently. This is corroborated by the cure that Stalin proposes: 'There is one way out of this, and that is for our managers of organizations to make agreements with the collectives.' Presumably the collectives will now be required to furnish so many lambs for the industrial slaughter.

THE various changes of management, suggested by Stalin, centre round the task of raising the town level of living up to that of the country and thus stopping this flow. In the first place, much of the drudgery must be eliminated by mechanization, and, in the second place, the worker must be given more prospect of advancement. He describes the present condition of the unskilled worker who, in view of his having no prospect of advancement, feels himself to be merely a temporary inhabitant of industry, works only until he has a little surplus, and then goes off to

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some other place 'to try his luck.' 'Arising out of this,' he says, 'there is a general movement from one factory to another, a fluidity of working strength.' So he insists:—

> We must give a stimulus to the unskilled worker to become skilled . . . and the more courageous we are in setting out on this policy, the sooner we shall get over the problem of the flow of labor out of our industries. But that is not all. In order to attach the worker to his factory we must to the furthest possibility improve his supplies and living conditions. . . . One must understand that the present worker in the Soviet wishes to live assured of his material and cultural necessities, in particular of his food and lodging—he has this right and we are bound to guarantee him these conditions.

This, then, is the first motif of the speech: the town worker's lot must be improved, not because things are past bearing in the towns, but because of the great successes of the country. The second motif deals with industrial defects; they are interesting to consider but in no way justify the cry of a 'breakdown of the plan.' What is important is to realize that four-fifths of the inhabitants of the Soviet Union are agriculturists, and that the farming successes therefore far outweigh the industrial failures. And the fact that the tractor stations have already exceeded the Five-Year Plan and sown no less than nine times what they did in 1930 is much more significant than the comparative failure of the Stalingrad tractor factory.

I HAVE indicated the part that the Soviet agricultural successes played in bringing about the new situation—the cessation of the flow of peasants into the towns. We must, if we are fair, admit that as far as agriculture is concerned we in capitalist countries have misjudged the Soviet peasant policy. It is quite definitely successful. When we turn to the industrial side of the Five-Year Plan, however, we can congratulate ourselves on having prophesied nearly all the difficulties that Stalin mentions. Engineers know by bitter experience that it is one thing to start up a factory and get into production, but that it is quite another thing to produce at the costs allowed for. We were therefore justified in being somewhat skeptical about the costs of Soviet production. Stalin is forced to show up this very weakness. Various undertakings had been set the task of lowering their costs by 10 per cent or more, and yet they had actually raised them. Worse even than this, he had to tell the meeting: 'It is a fact that in a number of undertakings and controlling bodies they have long ago ceased to count, calculate, or make proper balances of income and expenditure. . . . The ideas of "a régime of economy," "the reduction of nonproductive expenditure," "the rationalization of industry" have gone out of fashion long ago. These undertakings are evidently depending on the probability that the State Bank "will have to give us the money we need."'

Such a simple method of avoiding the difficulties of cost reduction—by keeping no accounts—is typical of certain enthusiastic Communists. Lenin described them as trying to run their offices on the principles that had won them the civil war—by shouting 'loud hurrahs.' The 'loud hurrah' brigade have got to go and efficient managers take their place. Costs must be kept down.

The real difficulty is outside cost-

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ing, and lies in the actual practical running of the works. One of the most delicate points of Stalin's speech was designed to open up the way to more efficient production by allowing undertakings to drop the famous non-stop week—a tricky matter, as the non-stop week was most highly prized by the theorists.

This non-stop week, or five-day week, had been introduced for two purposes; one was to break up the old associations of the day of rest with Sunday and churchgoing, and the other was to enable the machinery to be worked without stopping. The workers, already working in three shifts in most factories, were to have their days of rest in shifts. The machinery was to run continuously week in and week out, and, as the worker was to do four days on and one off, the units of time were to be 'five days,' 'decades,' and 'double decades.'

Theoretically this seemed quite a sound plan, but in practice it meant that no worker or set of shifts worked the same machines continuously. Therefore no one was responsible for the machines, and carelessness resulted for which it was almost impossible to locate the actual offenders. For this irresponsibility, this impersonalism, a special word has been invented, *obezlichka*, which conveys that the worker has no interest in the tools he uses, the machine he works, or the locomotive he drives. Stalin was very frank about this difficulty; he told the meeting brusquely:—

> There is no doubt whatever that our economists know all about this. But they are silent! Why? Because they are afraid of the truth. Look you here! Since when have Bolsheviks become afraid of the truth? Is it not a fact that the non-stop week has led to the lack of personal interest in machines? Ask yourselves: Is this non-stop week really necessary? . . . Is n't it quite clear that the sooner we bury this 'paper' non-stop week the quicker we shall succeed in establishing real continuity of work? Some comrades think that *obezlichka* can be got rid of by incantations or by broadcasting speeches. They are greatly mistaken. . . . I think it would be very much better if, instead of making speeches, they went and lived for a month or so down the shafts or in the factories studying the details, the 'mere trifles' of the organization of labor. Then we might eliminate this *obezlichka*.

THE industrial programme of the Five-Year Plan is obviously not so easy to fulfill as the party thought it was. They were deceived very largely by the speed of erection of new buildings; this was quite amazing in some cases, as the American specialists are willing to admit. Wherever sheer hard work was sufficient, the shock-brigade system supplied the necessary fanatical zeal to break all records, and if the American normal day's work was twelve square metres of asphalt per head, the shock brigades were able to do forty square metres per head. As soon as the scene is changed to the use of expensive machinery, this very zeal for production leads to an unprecedented quantity of faulty work. As an engineer, the present writer cannot see that peasants will be able to grasp quickly what it means to work to fine limits, and mass production, unless it is accurately controlled by careful gauging of all the parts, will be a hopeless failure. The peasant, when his machine is carefully set up for him, can no doubt learn to produce his one part, but where are the inspectors to be drawn from in the quantity that they are called for by these great plants like the Stalingrad

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factory? Suppose, however, that the system of training peasants for one-operation jobs does succeed and that the mass-production factories complete their programmes, this can take place only by drawing the skilled workers out of the smaller engineering works to supervise the mass-production peasants. But it is in these very works, these small works, that the skill is required. The mechanic in such works has to work from a drawing, he has to be a craftsman, and the small works cannot replace him. Thus from an engineering point of view a very difficult situation arises owing to this rapid expansion of mass-production works.

It is this difficulty that led to the reforms Stalin outlined. The skilled non-party men must be advanced to the positions they deserve and the technical intelligentzia of the old régime must be won over with care and attention. He told his audience that it was quite wrong to look upon every engineer of the old school as 'an uncaught criminal.' 'Specialist-eating,' he said, 'has always been considered by us as a harmful and dishonorable manifestation.' It was only natural, he continued, that these engineers were in doubt as to the rightness of the Government's policy two years ago, but then even old Bolsheviks had swung away from the party during the grain crisis. Now things were entirely different. The Menshevik plot had been exposed, the disturbers who were spreading stories against the Soviet had been removed, and the grain position had so far righted itself that a record quantity had been exported. Naturally, the old engineers now knew the Soviet would succeed, and they must therefore be trusted to see on which side their bread would be buttered, when there was any butter.

Thus Stalin very dexterously opens the way for the concentration of every possible productive force in the Soviet upon the great problem of fulfilling the industrial programme of the Five-Year Plan. The changes of policy, therefore, in reality represent a great addition of strength, and, warned by the previous successful change of the agricultural policy, we dare not cry 'failure,' but rather must expect the amazing Bolshevik to extricate himself even from his industrial muddle.

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Do not imagine that Germany is a nation of despair. Here is a patriotic essay worthy of the Hohenzollern period and proving that the Reich still lives.

The Immortal REICH

By JOSEF MAGNUS WEHNER

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*
Munich Conservative Daily

IF WE DARE at this hour to invoke the name of the Reich we do so because we know that we are uttering a word that all real Germans understand. This word, which in times of good fortune is full of exultation, and in times of deepest need is brimming over with sorrow and hope, signifies a mute and ancient community feeling, just as the word 'God' does among true believers. We need only recall the high mysticism of the imperial Middle Ages to become profoundly convinced that God Himself came down to earth in this word, which served as a crown for rulers. Heaven and earth, might and inwardness all dwell in this word. It is the form that German belief assumes, a word of promise bequeathed to us Germans to the end of all time, regardless of whether it will once again fulfill itself or whether it will die out with the last German.

In recent years we have led a false life. We have denied our destiny in a hundred petty ways. We have whirled round in circles, sometimes large, sometimes small, but in the past few weeks a creeping revolution has developed in our midst, sustained by the hounds of Western mammonism. This revolution has advanced directly toward us, increasing its pace as it draws closer. The men of the Reich have felt its approaching greatness and have even reveled in its hardness and strength. At this moment, the greatest we have experienced in many years, the Reich has again emerged clearly before our eyes. When the nations of the West shamelessly attacked our high estate the Chancellor of the Reich, the first real *Reichskanzler* since the War, uttered the necessary refusal. He spoke in the voice of a man of the Reich. His denial gave us freedom. He saved not only the Fatherland but the Reich.

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Once again the Reich has revealed its immortality, its will to endure. The nations who thought they defeated us in the War, who thought they robbed us of our honor when they forced a few Germans to sign their names to a lie—though perhaps they do not remember that one man of the Reich, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, threw his black gloves on the Versailles Treaty and refused to sign—these nations have not succeeded in eliminating the word 'Reich' from their speech. In this word the old magic strength still lives, the strength that brought it into being and that made its history. Just as the magic name of Rome spread the fame of the *pax Romana* throughout the world, even when no Roman legions were present, so to-day France feels a mythical fear of this German Reich, although it consists of almost nothing but beggars. France translates everything economic into political terms, and many serious Frenchmen suffer from a childish fear that one German cruiser can blaze its way to Africa through the mighty French fleet. So long as the French feel such pangs of anxiety, obviously the imperial essence of the word 'Reich' survives. Indeed, this fear on the part of the French provides more impressive evidence of the immortality of the Reich than the shy belief of most Germans.

What is this Reich? Let us try to discover. We must make a profound study, not of the mothers, but of the men in whom the Reich has made itself manifest. The path we must follow is not the pedantic path that the intellect pursues when it tears a word loose from the whole fabric of life, dragging that word to its lair as a beast drags its prey, only to gnaw it to the bone until nothing but the skeleton remains. We want to approach the word 'Reich' in a spiritual sense.

First of all, the word 'Reich' is not the same as the word 'state.' The Reich may assume the form of a state in its worldly and authoritative aspect, but the Reich remains though the state falls. Men of the Reich may even deny the present state and yet believe in the Reich and believe that it will fulfill itself some day. Just as our incomprehensible toleration of godless Bolsheviks has made some people assert that professing Christians no longer believe in God but only in the Church, for otherwise they would stone these atheists, so there are men who despise the present-day state because it has betrayed the defensive powers of the Reich. The Reich in its fullness is superior to the state, just as God in His fullness is superior to the Church. This superiority does not exist in a realistic sense but in a magic sense.

The word 'Reich' is also unlike the word 'Fatherland.' Whereas the word 'Fatherland' signifies family and kindred; local surroundings; a wealth of history, local customs, and morals; all the gaudy manifestations of folk and tribal ways with their costumes, songs, and dances; the Reich, on the other hand, knows no geographical boundaries. It embraces the whole earth. It is unending. It reaches into the cosmos, whence its mission comes. It contains within itself heaven and earth, for in the Reich there is no contradiction. Figures like Frederick the Great of Prussia are not figures of the Fatherland but figures of the Reich. The territories of the Reich extend by virtue of the omnipresence of history far beyond the boundaries

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of the Fatherland. The Reich extends from an ancient city in the marshy lands of Westphalia as far as Verdun. The eyes of the true men of the Reich sweep past Aix-la-Chapelle to the Netherlands, past Passau to Austria, and so on beyond the boundaries of the present Fatherland in every direction. For the Reich is the immense, ever-living sphere of our spiritual domain.

No other spiritual kingdom in the world extends over such lustrous and superhuman territory as ours. The German soul has fought against the spiritual kingdoms of the whole world and emerged victorious. Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, the East and the West are contained within our soul, and the world is still trembling from the material shocks of the War, in the course of which Germany drew the peoples of the world toward herself because she is the centre of the world. To-day, too, the spiritual world struggle against the mammon-worshiping powers of the West is occurring within the German soul. Anyone who studies the Reich to its bottommost depths not only sees in Germany the ultimate meeting ground between West and East, between France and Russia, but also knows that the fate of the awakened peoples of Africa and Egypt, of Arabia, Russia, India, China, and Japan is mysteriously and fatefully bound up with the Reich, which is now fighting against the West. The destiny of the Reich is, as Friedrich Hielscher has said, no more and no less than the destiny of the world.

The future will learn the extent of this dependency. For our own part, we want to rest our eyes, now that the Reich has revealed itself during the present crisis in all its fullness and brilliance. Better for us to greet with the profound eye of unromantic reality those historic figures who created the Reich, shadows of a world that has gone before us but that still nourishes us. These men received both curses and benedictions from the world. Some were rewarded with crowns, others with wounds, and others with madness for the sake of the Reich. There was Arminius, who lived at the time of the Emperor Augustus. Born seventeen years before Christ, he challenged the Roman Empire and fought it with Mephistophelian skill. He won the support of foreigners and made them his tools. The battle that Tiberius and Germanicus waged against him was a spiritual battle and the Roman Empire collapsed in the Teutoburg Forest. Soon after this struggle he clashed with Marbod, a man of equal station, and defeated him, and four years later he himself fell at the hands of a German. But the German countenance had shown itself. Unity was on the way. The sacrifice had been made. The Reich was in the making, having been summoned to life from the twilight of forests and wild tribes.

The evidence remains. Whether they were fighting foreigners or their own flesh and blood, the Germans always recognized their own kind. New figures emerged and the extent of the Reich widened and deepened. Ancient legends describe Theodoric, that mighty human bridge between Byzantium and Rome, Hagen and Kriemhild, Iceland, that misty, remote island, all attaining unity in the sphere of our spirit, nourishing the Reich and marching side by side with the great figures of our rulers in two great streams of might and inward-

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ness. It is impossible to control the living Reich, which is still growing in depth and area. No man is able to measure the sublime depths of the German spirit. One after another they file past—mediæval emperors and the creators of domes and fugues, Cervantes and Till Eulenspiegel, characters from Dante and Shakespeare. Just as we have given almost all the world their kings, so we have penetrated the spiritual life of the world and made it one in the name of the Reich.

Men of the Reich recognize one another wherever they are and have no commerce with men who are against the Reich. That is the true spiritual division. Creatures without a sense of history will never respond to the reverberations of the Reich, for these reverberations are martial, whether they make themselves heard in the aristocratic strains of the 'Hohenfriedberg March' or in the popular rhythms of the 'Netherlands Hymn of Thanksgiving.' Anyone who is moved to low passion by the tramp of marching men will never be able to believe in the divine unity of might and inwardness.

In the world of the Reich time does not exist. Men of the Reich have no fear in these black days. Devoid of terror and filled with joy, they have heard in the darkness of the night the steps of the unnumbered dead, leaving their graves. The men of the Reich are animated by the terrible forces that the present time has generated. They hear the eternal powers of history knocking at the doors of the underworld where they had gone to sleep. For even the dead yearn to be alive at the present time and are demanding their own right, the right to be born again. Therefore let the might of the immortal Reich be summoned to life. Let it take shape.

The figurehead of the Reich is the ruler. His symbol is the crown. Where the crown of the Reich is, there lies the centre of the world. The ruler will come and wear the crown. The men of the Reich are preparing the way for him. And then these words of the poet will come true, words written to describe the mission of the Reich: 'We live and we grow. We submit to no verdict. Fate summons us to be our own destiny.'

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A full-length portrait of the virtual dictator of Germany, who has become in the past few months a world figure.

Chancellor Brüning

By RUDOLF KIRCHER

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt Liberal Daily

WHEN DEAN KAAS was elected chairman of the Centre Party in Cologne in December 1929, he accepted the post on condition that Dr. Brüning be made his assistant. 'I have systematically pushed him forward into the front rank,' said the Dean, 'because I see in him a synthesis of thought and action, the equal of which has perhaps not existed in any statesman since the time of the ancient Greeks.' The Dean was right. This synthesis is certainly rare in Germany. Yet Dr. Brüning displays another quality that is no less important in statesmanship than thought and action. A few years ago he wrote: 'Belief in the honesty of the statesman and of the individual politician will be achieved and will endure only if the conviction is present that the man in question is able at all times to renounce and sacrifice himself to the limit in the interests of the community.'

Knowledge, ability, and willingness to indulge in self-sacrifice represent a unique combination of qualities at a time when democracy is being gravely threatened by party strife. But even these three qualities arise from a still deeper one, an ethical foundation of profound religiousness. Thus a phenomenon has arisen that has quite amazed most present-day Germans and will amaze them still more before they are able to understand its significance. Dr. Brüning has done nothing to interpret his personality to the German people. He quite lacks the feeling that he should interpret himself. Obviously a man of his type is incapable of advertising his own wares. What he does is done so naturally that he would not even think of talking about it.

In Brüning's person a type of German has returned to public life which we never saw during the reign of the Kaiser or during the last ten years of demagogic politics. Even a hasty comparison reveals how our values have

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changed, and it does not take us long to understand why Dr. Brüning can never enjoy more than a certain amount of popularity, even if he adopts measures that everyone approves. It is impossible to find any resemblance between the quiet, utterly realistic, infinitely able methods of the present Chancellor and the dramatic methods of the imperial politicians. He uses none of the stock phrases that were current either at the time of the Kaiser or during the demagogic democratic interlude that followed. Hundreds of thousands of us have been made to recognize how much more we have changed than we ever believed.

Has all of Germany changed so much that a German of the best type like Brüning can no longer be called a characteristic leader? If this were true we should have indeed paid dear for the spiritual legacy of the Empire. But it is much too early for us to answer this question. Brüning's methods need time to justify themselves. They do not dazzle anybody. On the contrary, they are too subtle to be quickly understood.

It is a sufficiently new and remarkable experience to find ourselves studying the personality of the Chancellor in order to understand his policies. And it is his personality as it really exists, not as it expresses itself in politics, that interests us. The Chancellor is a silent, almost solitary man. He is above all a worker. Perhaps it is fortunate that no personal propaganda has been conducted in his behalf, for it surely would have given us a distorted picture. As it is, he has remained in a mysterious twilight. At first, few people knew even that his first name was Heinrich. Dr. Brüning, Hindenburg, emergency decrees—that was about all that anybody knew. But now the first biography of Brüning has been published. Its author, Rüdiger Robert Beer, is neither a Catholic nor a member of the Centre Party, but simply a man who felt the necessity of filling a lacuna and describing the background, education, and development of the Chancellor from reliable sources. The seventy pages of his little book can be read quickly and to good advantage. There is no prejudice in them; but they are full of tact and good taste. The author after a few brief words conceals himself behind the object he is describing.

THE forty-six-year-old Chancellor is a tall, slender man with the oval, smooth, pale head of a scholar. It has often been remarked how well he would look in a cardinal's robes. The eyes behind his glasses are peaceful and remarkably keen and have read a tremendous amount. His speech is fine and measured and no less detached than his eyes. His lips are thin and controlled. A gentle, good-natured smile that serves as an introduction to his charming and tactful conversation removes the first impression of coolness that he makes on those who meet him. A cigar causes him to appear even more peaceful, and all this is done without any pose, without a trace of that kind of ministerial ill breeding that we have sometimes encountered in other quarters. The man himself is as clean-cut and correct as his clothes, and on meeting him we soon find ourselves immersed in conversation. Gradually we gain the impression that the Chancellor is a fascinating character because his con-

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victions appear to be the result of serious and honest intellectual struggles.

Dr. Brüning does not come from Silesia, the district he represents in the Reichstag, but from Westphalia. His grandfather, like all his other ancestors, was a peasant who worked the rich Westphalian earth, which shimmered red as the plow turned it up on the green fields and meadows. Red manor houses with dark beams stood behind serried rows of slender trees. Oaks grew in the courtyards.

Brüning's father made his living as a wine merchant in Münster. His mother came from an old middle-class family in the same city. The circle in which Brüning grew up was upper middle class and reasonably well-to-do. The political foundations of his surroundings were Catholic and conservative. His father died young and an older brother took over his education. Hermann Brüning, a widely traveled man who knew the social and intellectual life of many countries, died as a prelate in 1924. From him Dr. Brüning gathered most of his knowledge of other countries.

As a young man Brüning began to study law in Munich, then turned to political science in Strasbourg, Münster, and Bonn. His interests extended to social problems, philosophy, history, and German topics. Seven years passed before he took his first examination, and by this time his work was not yet done, for he wanted to become a professor and have no teacher over him. He therefore continued studying economics and many general subjects connected with it. Then came a stay in France, followed by a visit to his brother in England, where he pursued his studies further. England and its wise statesmanship held his interest for a long time. It was there that he hit upon the theme of his doctoral dissertation, which discussed railways 'with a view to the question of nationalization.' Brüning was almost thirty when he finally achieved his doctorate, and it looked at that time as if he would remain a scholar. The eternal student always devotes himself to acquiring knowledge and his destiny generally prevents him from taking part in any practical activity.

If Heinrich Brüning had not been such a narrow-chested candidate for a professorship, the outbreak of the War would have prevented him from getting his doctor's degree. But the army had no use for this young man, who promptly offered himself for military service. In 1915, however, he was accepted, though a relation had offered to undertake his military duty for him. We cannot guess what would have happened to young Brüning if he had not gone to war, but it is certain that a part of his character that had remained comparatively undeveloped during his eternal studies—that is to say, his practical ability, his will to succeed, or whatever one wants to call it—received a tremendous impetus from the War and grew to unsuspected power. For the young doctor had discovered his moral and physical strength, and his terrific experiences in action developed in him that capacity that he has rightly valued most highly in a statesman, willingness to sacrifice himself for the benefit of the community.

These words do not mean that I subscribe to the Nationalist theory that baptism by fire is a good thing. If our candidate for the professorship had not been such a terrific bookworm,

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he would have been able to develop his powers of physical resistance, his love of action, his eagerness to be up and doing, and his willingness to sacrifice himself at a much earlier date by means of more youthful and innocuous experiences. This did not happen, and in his case the War was the thing that actually brought about the change. This fact is infinitely important, both in our estimate of Brüning as a statesman and in his own attitude toward all the so-called national questions, above all toward such world-shaking problems as armed cruisers and the *Reichswehr*. We must clear our minds on this subject in order to recognize that Brüning's attitude toward present-day problems is determined not only by the present alignment of powers and by the connections between Hindenburg and the *Reichswehr* but by his own experiences and opinions, which have given him certain definite views.

DR. BRÜNING was not long in arriving at the front, where he served in the Argonne with the Tenth Company of Infantry Regiment Number Thirty. He was wounded, promoted, given further instruction, and attached to a sharpshooting machine-gun squadron that took part in the hottest kind of fighting. He rose to the post of company commander and adjutant and went through more terrible battles. In the archives of the Reich there are records of what Company Commander Brüning did during August 1918, and every account of Brüning quotes these records abundantly.

After the War Brüning wrote these words in an article for young people: 'The experiences of the War generally strengthen the realization of those who have participated in its great and terrible events—unless they have been spiritually unsettled by them—that the great tasks in the world are accomplished only by sacrifice, unselfishness, and voluntary discipline.' With this thought he laid down his arms and from then on attacked his new profession of politics. He seemed to feel that a great rôle would and, indeed, must, come to him. For this rôle he prepared himself, and thenceforward all his labor and study were devoted to one clear purpose, to acting politically. His friends felt this, called him a coming man, and jokingly nicknamed him 'Reichskanzler' at a time when he was temporary editor of *Der Deutsche*, the organ of the Catholic trade unions.

Brüning then began his political labors in conjunction with Dr. Sonnenschein, who was organizing student relief. This kept him in constant touch with the younger generation. In 1920 he addressed the students of Göttingen as follows: 'Our time needs a hard, determined, and above all an uncomplicated kind of man. I trust that the generation that took part in the War possesses all the qualifications for becoming this strong and hard race of men.' The same feeling ran through most of his speeches, but it has not prevented numerous members of the War generation from joining political parties that echo the hysterical cry of a woman who recently shouted at a Nationalist meeting, 'Hang Brüning.' But the Chancellor is stoical and pious. In spite of the fact that stones were thrown at his train in Silesia he believes that all of us remain Germans and that common sense will triumph in the end.

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Dr. Brüning used to believe, and perhaps still does, that it is possible to unite all German intelligence and all sacrificial national spirit in a great effort transcending party boundaries, uniting various competing groups and convictions in a single party that shall be firmly Christian and national. At the Trade Union Congress in Essen in 1920 Stegerwald, to whose side Brüning had been summoned, expressed this idea for the first time. But the plan did not prosper. The Centre Party became Brüning's own political field of action, though he himself never lost view of the idea of a superparty.

Even a bitter critic of the Chancellor would have to admit that his policy does not show the least trace of playing party politics. The dictatorial aspects of his government mean nothing more or less than abandonment of the partisan spirit, which has been unable to give us national leadership at the present time. For years Brüning was the director of the German Trade Union Association, a post formerly occupied by Stegerwald and one requiring great versatility and prudence, as the association includes many very different organizations. The position also demanded a sense of community responsibility and a talent for statesmanship, and Dr. Brüning filled it with increasing success. His social conscience is very much awake, and the political future of the Chancellor will be determined by this quality in him much more than by all the other elements in his war-time experiences. Of course, he cannot abandon the fundamental conservatism that dwells in his Westphalian peasant blood. Translated into terms of social politics, this fundamental conservatism means that the working class should be a conscious and decisive element within the state.

Since 1924 Dr. Brüning has worked inside the Centre Party. He went forward carefully, cautiously, and with a steady eye on fundamentals. After four years he represented his present electoral district in Silesia. In the Reichstag his political rise proceeded still more rapidly. He attacked problems of state with all his immense energies and presently found himself the foremost financial expert in the Centre Party. In 1927 his influence had not yet become strong enough to block the unhappy salary-reform bill from which we are still suffering. But he keenly opposed this premature rise in pay, just as he had opposed the stabilization of the reichsmark at the pre-war level because he thought that the valuation was dangerously high. When higher salaries were voted he refused to accept more pay himself. Again, Dr. Brüning decisively warned the German government to seek revision of the Dawes Plan before the finances of the Reich broke down completely. When the Young Plan was proposed he protested against it because, as the experts themselves admitted, it was created as a political measure and therefore involved a new kind of dictatorship. In March 1930 in the Reichstag Dr. Brüning urged strengthening domestic markets and agriculture by reforming the banks as soon as the fundamentals of a better revisionist policy had been laid.

SOON after this Hindenburg made him Chancellor. Dr. Brüning did not force his way; indeed, the President had to appeal to his soldierly sense of

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duty. Hindenburg esteems this man because he does his duty without talking too much about it. The mutual trust between the President and the Chancellor was and remains so profound that German domestic policy took on a fresh lease of life the day the new Chancellor stepped into office.

When the Chancellor set out for East Prussia the President sent him a fur coat to prevent him from catching cold while he was in the open air. For Von Hindenburg knows that the man in whom he has put his trust dresses simply, uses only two rooms in the Chancellor's residence, takes a taxi when he goes out on private business, took only a suitcase with him when he entered the Chancellor's quarters, and will take away no more luggage than he brought, even though his handbag has a legendary capacity. Dr. Brüning has devoted his life to working. He has no time left for anything else, not even for marriage, as he adds with a quiet smile.

The spectacle of this man playing the rôle of dictator is indeed astonishing at a time when men like Mussolini occupy such positions. Dr. Brüning is a dictator against his will. He did not come into office to dictate. He came in with a programme that he could not realize. He lost valuable time and satisfied himself with half measures. Then came the September elections, and as a result the Chancellor found himself forced into a dictator's rôle, but it is altogether in accordance with his nature to make as little as he can of his own significance and of the change in the methods of government. 'He wanted to achieve his purpose, but in the most inconspicuous form possible.' So says Brüning's biographer by way of explanation.

This is indeed true. He wanted to keep open as wide as possible the door leading back to the accustomed way of doing things, and for that reason he had to resort to halfway measures, halfway in form and halfway in reality. Brüning's destiny and the work he has done for Germany warm our hearts toward him, and there may be good reasons for his half measures. His whole achievement can be rightly understood only if we recognize how the will to accomplishment of this German has gradually come into existence after unshakable efforts and out of the fullness of serious reflection and painful experience. Man and policy have here blended into a unity that is determined by the man and by the unique circumstances in which we live.

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The French point of view finds fewer defenders in our midst than it had fifteen years ago, but it is still warmly supported in Paris. Here is a characteristic outburst from a reactionary.

Frenchmen *Can't* Be Wrong

By E. Giscard d'Estaing

Translated from the *Journal des Débats*
Paris Conservative Daily

THE COURSE that the world pursues is really surprising. The United States can think of nothing better than to give back to Germany what Germany owes to France. England seriously proposes that our country lend money to Berlin so that Berlin can reimburse London and New York. As for the Germans, they are so used to catastrophe and even relish it so much that they undoubtedly feel no personal responsibility for the disasters they have released upon themselves.

It is remarkable and immensely significant that France has renounced all payments from Germany, for this absolutely prevents anybody from attributing the crisis of the mark to the famous reparations hemorrhage. Furthermore, since France holds only five per cent of the short-term German credits whose withdrawals are now wrecking Germany's economic system, we cannot be blamed for having caused the disasters that are breaking down the Reich.

If, then, France is being so strenuously attacked, it is not because we are the cause of the evil but because we possess the remedies that the world needs. At the bottom of everything lies the jealousy that our country now excites because of its immense colonial domain, its relatively prosperous finances, its considerable stock of gold, and its faculty for saving money. Thus France, as the reservoir of the capital which greedy hands desire, has become in large measure the victim of its own virtues and courage.

What makes the wealth of France, however, is not the possession of oil wells or gold mines. It is a striking fact that France has no monopoly over any essential product and that she has

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never been able to impose on the rest of the world and force it to pay excessive prices. Those supposedly privileged positions to which most people still attach so much importance have been revealed as impotent in themselves to establish lasting prosperity. The lesson of the silver mines of South America has been recently repeated in what has happened to Brazilian coffee, British oil, and American cotton, and it seems that Soviet Russia cannot get rich on petroleum.

For wealth is not something material that exists in itself, no matter what happens to the rest of the world, and prosperity cannot be measured by the treasure that nature dispenses irregularly among various nations. Prosperity is chiefly the result of human organization and the qualities of a race. What would people say of us if we could produce gold out of the rivers of Limousin or the Congo? What impressive arguments would not be brought forward by those who are now angrily denouncing the alleged French monopoly of gold? Thank heaven this metal is mined on foreign soil, and we are therefore able to reveal the human factors that others are all too eager to conceal. For our good fortune is not the result of undeserved favors that we alone enjoy.

The fact is that almost all the nations of Europe are now turning to France, half menacingly and half imploringly, seeking for some of that precious manna which Paris alone is supposed to be hoarding during this period of want. Obviously, it is a good thing to internationalize markets and to encourage the circulation of capital, and France has already lent herself gladly to this task. But the quality of our borrowers has often left much to be desired, and we have sometimes not been so sure of our own rights as to dare to refuse aid. France has even let herself be persuaded that she has no right whatever to save for her own use what has fallen to her lot.

This is why we must emphatically denounce the kind of French humility that keeps making excuses at a time when we really have every right to feel proud. Of course the financial situation in Germany is wretched. More and more failures are occurring. The banking structure is profoundly shattered. One can scarcely speak of a budget, since a deficit has become a normal feature. But who would dare to pretend that reparations are really and seriously the cause of the trouble?

In 1929, out of every hundred reichsmarks of German taxes fifty-seven went to local administration and forty-three to the administration of the Reich. Of these forty-three marks, 11.7 were used to pay war pensions and only 7.5 went into reparations payments. It should also be added that three reichsmarks out of every hundred were sufficient to pay the domestic debt, which shows the extraordinary alleviation that the failure of the mark brought to Germany. In any event, only 7½ per cent of these taxes went into reparations. Compare this amount with the weight of the public debt in France or England. Consider the crushing burden that the reconstruction of the devastated regions has laid upon our country. Then pass judgment.

WE must get beyond conventional phrases and examine reality a little more closely. Anyone who has visited Germany both during the worst period

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of the inflation and since the revival cannot help feeling amazement and admiration for the constructive efforts of the country. But the same evidence goes to prove that Germany has undertaken more than her resources justify. Since the beginning of the century we French have constantly been told about Germany's railways, rivers, and canals, and of the beauties of the German ports. We have been urged, and are still being urged, to admire the German municipal schools and the athletic fields across the Rhine. Our eyes have been dazzled by the brightly lighted street cars that run in tunnels between far distant towns. Undeniably, a German would never tolerate the deplorable telephone service that we French put up with, although it is true that we grind our teeth as we do so. We are considered a backward nation because we are slow in installing automatic telephones.

Of course, of course. But all this costs money. It is better to be able to communicate between Berlin and New York in three seconds than to have to wait an hour and a half for a local telephone call in Paris. All that is absolutely clear. But is the world sufficiently prosperous to allow itself the luxury of not waiting more than three seconds to communicate between Berlin and New York?

The foreigner shrugs his shoulders because he sees us advertising gas on every floor while he has a bath-room in every apartment. For our part, we shake our heads. We dare to make only one timid little remark and point out that the inevitable outcome of such luxury is bankruptcy. It is too bad; but unfortunately it cannot be avoided.

Fundamentally the little French property holder is the most admirable of characters—the little bourgeois who goes to bed early every night to save light but who readily invests his savings in the most daring enterprises, often the finest enterprises that there are. The Frenchman works with enthusiasm, less with a view to procuring immediate satisfaction than in order to guarantee his future and to raise himself permanently on the social ladder. The German also works with all his might, but he hardly thinks of his future, which he places in the hands of a Nationalist providence, perhaps as a result of the ill-considered sums he devotes to social insurance.

Germany is an abyss which can never receive enough capital so long as it refuses to confine its ambitions within the limits of the possible. France is a laboratory of savings which unceasingly accumulates the capital that provides a margin of security for all human activity. There is nothing mysterious or cabalistic here. France does not possess in her soil a single unique gift of nature. She only possesses in her people qualities that any people might possess. The French peasant who still draws cold water from his well to wash himself in his farmyard and who subscribes to a foreign bond is probably permitting some Central European worker to have hot water in his bath-room. And when you despairingly hang up the receiver of your telephone without getting your number, console yourself with the thought that the central office in Dresden is a model of modern technique. People who act as we do possibly deserve some sarcasm, but certainly not the kind that has been addressed to us of late.

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Englishmen, Arabs, Jews, and Catholics are disputing the mastery of Palestine. A recent German visitor analyzes the various forces now at work.

Four Powers *in* Palestine

By THEODOR LESSING

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*
Prague German-Language Daily

FOUR POWERS are working in Palestine: the British Empire, the Catholic world church, the Arab movement, and Zionism. Anyone who tries to forecast the future of this country must be clear in his mind as to the shifting forces that operate in it. The British Empire, heir to the Roman Empire, strives for the single goal of maintaining its political power. Palestine is the key to Asia, India, and China and must therefore be firmly held. It is easy to enjoy political power as long as the mass of a colonial people is unacquainted with European technique, especially with European military technique. A few tanks and a few Armstrong guns are all that the European overlord needs (for anyone carrying a deadly weapon in his pocket is an overlord) to hold sway over brutish hordes of black, brown, and yellow people.

But modern times demand that slavery be humane. The modern colonizer comes as a civilizing influence. He loves the language of the country in which he settles. He cultivates its customs. He collects its relics, which he sends to his museums. He buys, at a low price, of course, embroidery made by peasants and other work by skilled artisans. He adores everything exotic. India, Egypt, and Palestine are protected and kept true to their faith with any amount of cant. No labor unions, no child-labor laws, no old-age pensions, no social policies are allowed. Nothing but well-regulated slavery. In India the maharajas used to be the slaveholders; in pre-war Turkey the padishahs ruled the land; in Palestine the effendi control the slaves and are the pillars of British power. The first democratic impulses, which later became revolutionary, would have swept away the local rulers if Europe's noble

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heart had not, by great good chance, been beating to the tune of culture, colonization, and civilization. Thus the masses were held in check and the white man, in other words, the Englishman, established himself firmly in power by maintaining the policies of the native owners of big estates. The chief aim has always been to procure cheap labor. Pariahs are grateful when we allow them to work in factories.

The universal Catholic Church works in a more spiritual way. It pays no attention to political and worldly affairs, for it is concerned only with fishing for the souls of men. And it has plenty of money to devote to this task; indeed, it is the richest power in Palestine. It is served by an army of clever vassals who speak in ten thousand churches and monasteries a bastard kind of language—bright pictures, gilt, the sheen of silk, candlelight, music, incense, but very few words. A considerable proportion of the Mohammedan population is Christianized, and there are more converted Jews among these clever priests than the uninitiated visitor suspects. But missionary work is impaired by the split between the two churches—the Orthodox or Greek Church and the Roman Church. This split pleases the world powers just as they are pleased by a similar split between the effendi into two competing groups.

If a statesman of genius were to survey the scene, his eyes would always be focused in one direction: toward organizing the now unorganized, completely ignored, wretched proletariat of the East, which is susceptible of being aroused to sudden, fanatical frenzy. Whoever owns the hearts of these masses owns the world. For the world was not built up by the most powerful but by the least powerful, by the poor, who cannot, however, use their own vast strength. Illiterate cave dwellers, poor beasts of burden, beggars—how can they be freed? The Church gives them its opiates. The British Empire softens the yoke it lays upon their necks. Yet they might become free men, self-determining citizens, if they could get together with the fourth power, with Zionism, instead of being ground down by the others.

THE Jews in Asia are a part of Europe just as the Jews in Europe are a part of Asia. They are bridge builders. Yet it is a question whether they are not like ants, which must build their bridges with their own bodies, and like bees, which are devoured along with their honey by bears. The constant efforts of the Jews to become completely Oriental may put them in the same position in the Orient that they occupy in the West, and they may have to prepare themselves for a new kind of assimilation. The Jews struggle against the commercial spirit, but in the eyes of the Arabs, Syrians, and Bedouins they remain Jews and represent a part of the Western world, a part of Europe. As I surveyed with dispassionate eyes the tremendous work of construction that the Jews have accomplished, I kept feeling that it was pioneer work in behalf of European rationalism. I kept saying to myself, 'It is the mission of Israel to bring to Asia the finest things there are in this world—water-closets, soap, and clean clothes. Let us found the new religion on running water.'

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Don't take this as a joke. Unless hygiene is victorious the Near East is lost. It is a country in which half the population would die of tuberculosis if the sun were not always shining on all its deserts of sand and all its human misery.

The position of the Jew in the East is rather similar to the position of the liberal democrat in Europe. He is always courted by the two extremes as the liberals in Europe are courted by reactionaries and revolutionaries. But when conditions become serious liberalism disappears. It cannot survive terror or revolution. The English and the Arabs both make good use of Zionism, but neither would object if it quietly vanished. In my book, *Europe and Asia*, I have raised the loudest objections to another book, entitled *Europe, America's Orient*, but my objections were too weak, too gentle. No words can be strong enough to attack the policy of Europe. Between the fanatically religious Arabs on the one hand and the energetic Jews with their hope in the future on the other stands the Englishman, stiff as a column, motionless, tall as a tree, with a face like a horse, a beefsteak complexion, and bronze features, regarding all the aspirations and struggles of the defenseless millions as a theatrical spectacle, understanding nothing about them, not wanting to understand anything, but thinking only one thought, 'I am an Englishman, the pearl of the universe.'

I have seen the highest British officials and officers, and they are all of the same type, utterly without spirit and enjoying the best of health. Toward the Arabs they are quite indifferent. Toward the Bedouins they are quite indifferent. Toward the Zionists they are quite indifferent. Toward the strife between the Orthodox and the Roman Church they are quite indifferent. They always favor the Arabs and suppress the Jews, but it is not through ill will. They do this because their situation compels them always to favor the more uneducated and ignorant elements. For it is only in complete darkness that a faint light can be seen. These men really love slaves. The Jewish proletariat is too intelligent for them. They feel that the Jews are encroaching upon their mission of making the world Anglo-American, yet if a union of all the peoples of the Near East should ever come to pass they would be bound together in common hatred of Anglo-American Europe.

What can be done to prevent this hatred? Here is a last-minute warning: Let England stop sending strong men to its colonies. Let England send its noble-hearted citizens there. It should not choose its soldiers for their height and weight, but for their heart and education. It must show the world not only that the coming man, the Anglo-American type, has the strongest will and the coolest head—which is something nobody doubted anyway—but that the Anglo-American type can possess a heart and a soul. I must, however, confess that in my limited experience I have never encountered in the Anglo-American the faintest trace of either of these two qualities.

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Persons and Personages

Montagu Norman

By 'Exchequer'

From the *Sunday Dispatch*, London Rothermere Sunday Paper

ONCE MORE, with the world's financial nerves on edge, the limelight has been turned on a strange, enigmatic personality whom few people have ever seen, and still fewer have ever heard speak—Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, and unique, in more than one way, among holders of that office.

Slowly the years of his career have built up a legendary figure, whose daily movements are shadowed by mystery and rumor. Shy, picturesque, and elusive, he has involuntarily contributed to this sense of being an enigma. At close range behind the seldom-glimpsed façade is a very real force of iron will, directing an almost unprecedented power, working, as it were, in seclusion.

He is among the men with the greatest responsibility in the world to-day, and yet, because he is so little known to the outside world and so adverse to publicity, he has been described as eccentric. The power he exercises by virtue of his office is one undreamed of by ambitious tyrants of earlier ages: wider and subtler in its range and limited chiefly by his own lively sense of duty. For the modern world goes round on an economic axis; the credit control is the invisible government of a country; and the credit control of Great Britain is in the hands of the Bank of England, the governor of which is Mr. Norman.

Yet he is a prophet who is recognized least in his own country. For many years leaders of finance from all the countries in Europe have come to him for his advice, and have acted upon it. Few people realize how much he has done, not only for England, but for Europe and the world. The world is his parish; England, his vicarage.

After the War it was his task to bring England back to a gold standard and to place our currency on a sound footing, a task that he accomplished in the minimum of time and with fullest efficiency. Indeed, judges as competent as Mr. Keynes think it was accomplished much too quickly and thoroughly. He took a big part in the restoration of European currencies. Last year he occupied himself largely with founding the World Bank for International Settlements, and Mr. Snowden, who is not given to loose praise, spoke of him as being 'on a great eminence, the head of a sort of financial league of nations.'

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His governorship itself is a record. Two years was the usual reign of a governor before his appointment. When he was reëlected for the sixth time the City gasped and said, 'Astounding.' Now they have become accustomed to it, and his twelfth reëlection was taken as a matter of course.

Montagu Norman, the man, is of paramount interest; but his work, about which even less is known, will go down to history. Just as personally his shyness is proverbial, so in his business he prefers to have his views advanced by an eloquent lieutenant. In the City he is generally regarded as a brilliant but eccentric genius. Some economists, while praising his actions, say that he could not explain them if he were asked, and that it is best not to ask. Others say that he does not understand the things he deals with himself. But his career alone should be enough to refute accusations that he lacks technical knowledge and acts largely on instinct.

HE COMES from a family steeped in the traditions of banking. His grandfather, Mr. G. W. Norman, was a director of the Bank of England for over fifty years; his grandfather on his mother's side, Sir Mark Collet, was a director for twenty-three years and governor for two years. Mr. Norman went to Eton with the firm intention to become a soldier, an ambition that he in part realized, for he fought with the Bedfords during the Boer War, when he won his D.S.O.

Now, at sixty, still a bachelor, he has become this legendary high priest of finance—short, slight, oddly dressed; his aristocratic face like that of a Charles I cavalier, pointed by a small beard; his aquiline features indicative of a sensitive intelligence.

Mr. Norman must surely be the only banker of world eminence to wear soft collars, a sparkling emerald tie pin, a loosely flowing tie, a broad-brimmed black hat, trousers tighter than are fashionable, with pockets cut across sailorwise. Hardly the picture of a governor of the Bank of England!

Occasional rumors reach the outside world of his romantic movements; of a journey to Ostend and back simply for a quiet conference in a train; of aëroplane flights during which the financial stability of nations is decided; of a rope-ladder climb on to a liner in stormy weather for a secret interview.

For the most part, however, he stays at home. He has few friends and few people can boast that they have met him. His unprepossessing house in Campden Hill is guarded by a high fence and a sphinxlike housekeeper. He prefers London to the country. When in the country he goes to church, and has been observed to grow fidgety during services.

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He has no hobbies except reading, walking, and gardening. His favorite author is Kipling. At the bank he is popular. A young employee, finding him wandering round the bank in his most informal dress and not knowing who he was, told him to mind his own business; Mr. Norman took no measures.

His is not the sort of shyness that causes people who wish to emphasize their indispensability to keep their names out of the telephone book. He really is shy. On his return from the Boer War he was received at the village of his home with rejoicings, and they pushed his carriage from the station to his house. When they got there they found that the carriage was empty. He had got out and had been helping to push.

Only twice has he been publicly interviewed by the press. The first time was when he returned from America in 1926. He said, 'My mind is a complete vacuum.' The second was his recent utterance: 'Don't believe all you hear.' His sense of humor is magnificent. In interviews of a business nature he will sit immobile and silent while the other man has his say. Then in a few, a very few, well-chosen words, he will give his decision. That is why Mr. Norman is a man who 'thinks in millions, and talks in monosyllables.'

He has odd tricks in conversation. He will suddenly break off speech to watch the antics of a bird or a cat. Sometimes he will question people narrowly about their private affairs: 'How did you come here? Why not by bus?' He has been likened, in mind or feature, to many people, all of them world-famous—to Mussolini, Sir Basil Zaharoff, Luigi Pirandello, Augustus John, Cunninghame Graham, Napoleon. He is a living proof to the youth of England, hesitating in its choice of profession, that figures are not always prosaic, and that a banker's existence is not a humdrum stool-perching.

Thornton Wilder in Berlin

By Walther Tritsch

Translated from the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin Literary Weekly

TO OUR EYES, an un-American American, just as his prose seems un-American to our ears and understanding. His face has none of that self-satisfied, childish optimism with which certain people from across the sea survey our old world, reducing it to dollars and cents, to psychoanalysis and tests, or to records. And, as he tells each new person he meets, he would like to destroy as quickly and completely as possible that incredibly uncultivated, unspiritual idea of America that we Europeans cherish. He looks like a highly organized, tense,

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spiritually mature member of the middle class, a reserved individualist. He has that small, sensitive kind of nose that seems to be vanishing from our younger generation. He is of average height and middle age, and does not look conspicuous in any way. In brief, he seems to me the ideal picture of the average man.

He came to Berlin for a short visit, but it was not his first one. As a young man he studied in Germany, chiefly in Kiel. We sat peacefully in a quiet corner by an imaginary fireplace with tea and cigarettes and began a very un-American conversation.

'You have mentioned an unknown America,' I said, 'that does not pay homage to photographic naturalism or to microscopic study of the ordinary. You have complained that we Europeans choose to consider only certain aspects of America, some of us regarding the country with horror, others looking upon it as a model to be imitated. You say that the spirit of megalopolitan poetry and megalopolitan romance, of baroque extravagance and department-store magic, means nothing to you, and assert that this spirit is but one color in the cultural spectrum of your native land. Therefore, you are surprised that this Europe of ours, which is apparently so spiritual, prefers to dwell on the one color in your spectrum that is, not exactly anti-intellectual, but entirely unintellectual.

'But is it not true that every element can be found somewhere in every culture, and should we not guard ourselves against passing judgment simply on the basis of personal prejudice? Must we not therefore judge each culture in relation to the picture that it presents as its own to the outer world? And, finally, don't individual lines count for more than the whole color chart in the spectrum of an element?'

'As men of our time,' Mr. Wilder replied, 'we can scarcely judge what part of our culture possesses more than temporary value. Perhaps it is the weakest line in the spectrum, the very one that nobody saw at first. During the lifetime of Kleist and Hölderlin and for a full century after their great work was done, none of you Germans believed that they were the real bearers and exemplars of the German spirit. One can't accept the loudest voice as the most important. That would be to display the same unspirituality of which you have accused us.'

'But what is that other kind of Americanism that we Europeans intentionally overlook and to which you feel you belong, since, as you say, you do not want to be judged as a unique character?'

'By that other kind I mean a sense of identity with destiny that has been born of Protestantism. I believe that the real Americanism which will be important in the future is belief in the significance and even in the concealed implications of every event. It is precisely the same thing as the much abused doctrines of predestination and inward asceticism.

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In daily life this belief sometimes takes well-known, grotesque forms, such as when the money that one has earned is looked upon as proof of God's mercy or justice. But that is only the ridiculous reverse side of a very deep and very fruitful life feeling. Just think of what it means to every American to believe himself permanently, directly, and responsibly bound to world destiny. The significance that this belief imparts to the simplest dealings and the simplest events seems to me the beginning of all great achievement. Such a trend precedes all great cultures. It is this magic unity of purpose and chance, of destiny and accident, that I have tried to describe in my books.'

'AND do you find this magic unity of purpose and chance, of destiny and accident, less clearly emphasized in European literature than in American?'

'On the contrary. I find it strongly present, for example in the drama, legends, and poems of the Austrian, Max Mell. But with us it arises from a very different kind of life feeling. Whereas with you it is a part of your cultural inheritance and seems to have originated from the dreams of whole nations and landscapes, with us it keeps coming to maturity as a result of direct, naïve contact between the individual and the world about him.'

'Then you do not feel much connection between your way of being enchanted by reality and the European way? You detect no resemblance with Pirandello's transformations of sense and chance?'

'None at all. We never confuse purpose with chance, or reality with dream. We transfigure nothing. We seek for purpose in what happens in the outer world about us and therefore feel ourselves bound up with this outer world and with its purpose. That is all.'

'Might it be said that in Europe whole nations or classes or generations are seeking for your purpose, but that it has been fulfilled only by great individual achievements, whereas in America the purpose seems to be submerged in the activities of all of you, although only individuals seek for it?'

'Yes, it might very well be put that way.'

'But is n't there a contradiction in the fact that the individual, or, as you would say, the writer, should have to seek for something that already exists in every activity of the whole community and that continues to exist every minute of the day? Is n't it much more the function of the writer to portray what the whole community does not yet possess, but is constantly seeking in its conscience?'

'I see no contradiction in the fact that the author makes the opaque matters of every day transparent, with a view either to discovering

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something or to photographing what exists; nor do I believe that the writer should force reality or, indeed, that an American can force reality. I told you that I believe that, unlike Europe, we do not know the best part of our reality. For that reason we live in a greater state of tension, for each person hopes he may fulfill a special destiny in his daily life. Because nothing, simply nothing in the way of a common illusion exists in America, every individual experience in every individual life seems to be a decisive turning point. No author of ours could ever represent anything that did not already exist; the only thing he has to deal with is whatever is actually functioning. The present never knows what the results of this functioning will be. We had no idea, for instance, that Poe and Whitman were the spokesmen of our world. Each period remains a mystery to itself. The Balzacs, Flauberts, Joyces, and Prousts are always looked upon as provincial figures by their own time. Our experience with Baudelaire and our experience with Hölderlin should make us more cautious in passing judgment on contemporary writers.'

Stalin at Home

By Essad Bey

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

ALTHOUGH STALIN has little time for any private life, he leads one that differs in its peculiar Asiatic way from the lives of the other Communists. In his youth Stalin married a young Georgian girl who died of an infection of the lungs before the Revolution. He had one son by her. Later, at the age of fifty and at the peak of power, he married a girl of fifteen, Nadja Alleluia, a mountaineer's daughter who, Oriental fashion, is slavishly obedient to him.

Stalin is a good husband but an Oriental. The wives of the leading Communists dwell in the Kremlin, behaving as women usually do when they have suddenly come up in the world. From the Eskimo wife of Ordjonikidze to the distinguished English wife of Litvinov, they all devote themselves to gossip, petty intrigue, and feminine chatter. Scandal is the order of the day. Since all governmental life is confined to the Kremlin, these women have rich opportunities to give free rein to their feminine natures.

Stalin's wife is the one exception. During the whole history of Soviet rule Stalin's wife has not uttered one single word of gossip, and there has never been a breath of scandal about this 'mightiest woman in Russia.' Shy and silent, she dwells behind the walls of the Gorki Castle. It is said that every morning when Stalin leaves his house he locks up

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his wife in good Oriental style and puts the key in his pocket. Though this is only a joke, it accurately reveals the position Stalin occupies in his family.

The truth is that little is known about Stalin's wife. She speaks almost no Russian, understands nothing about politics, is very young, and has borne the fifty-year-old dictator two children. Stalin is, as I have said, a good father and family man. The wife of a world-renowned Socialist has described some scenes she witnessed during a visit of a few days with the dictator. Stalin, his wife, and the wife of the Socialist were sitting near the cradle containing Stalin's five-months-old baby. Stalin's wife had to go to the kitchen, and asked her husband to look out for the baby while she was away. Stalin, who kept smoking his pipe, nodded his head without saying a word. Hardly had the mother left when the child began to cry. Stalin approached the cradle, played awkwardly with the child, and blew tobacco smoke in his face, apparently to soothe him. But the baby at once protested loudly. Stalin thereupon lifted the child out of the cradle and, as a sign of his paternal affection, put his pipe in the baby's mouth. The child shrieked as if it had been impaled on a skewer, whereupon Stalin grew angry. He dropped the child carelessly back in the cradle, exclaiming, 'Just a rascal. Not a Bolshevik at all.' Stalin's evening was spoiled. He kept finding fault and complaining until he went to bed.

Yet Stalin can act kindly and takes care to provide his family with things he himself does not need and even despises. His mother, a dressmaker, now lives in a palace in Tiflis surrounded by regal elegance. Her power in Tiflis is unlimited, and even the mighty ruler of that city, Comrade Eliava, bows respectfully and politely when the old Georgian lady enters his office and makes some demand of him. To any of his visitors who do not know the old lady, Eliava whispers anxiously, 'That is Stalin's little mother,' whereupon all present stiffen with respect. When Stalin's grown son failed to get through the technical school in Moscow and showed no enthusiasm for science, Stalin at once exiled him to a remote part of Georgia, giving him this wise advice, 'If you don't want to be an engineer, be a cobbler.' But when Stalin's sister married a Czech Communist, he celebrated the event with Asiatic pomp in an affair that combined Tsarist lavishness and barbaric splendor.

AT HOME, in the seclusion of his estate, Stalin spends his spare time reading. He reads voraciously and eagerly, trying in his maturity to acquire the education that he still lacks. He devotes himself exclusively to practical works on Socialism, Marxism, political economy, and the like. He has no interest in general literature. He knows but little of any

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foreign poets and writers, and he admires only one Russian author, the old critic Pisarev, who could not understand why there were people who wrote in such a way that the ends of their lines rhymed and who for that reason refused to take Pushkin seriously. Stalin reads Pisarev often, and the famous quotation that he uses at every opportunity is from Pisarev: 'Legends pass away but deeds remain.'

If Stalin is not reading and has any free time on his hands, he enjoys listening to a pianola that he keeps in his room. His favorite piece is the *Dead March* of Chopin. He also enjoys going to the ballet and the opera, especially to Verdi's *Aida*, and he often acts as a theatrical censor.

Stalin is consumed by an unaccountable desire to study. Somehow he feels that his Caucasian theological education did not equip him for the task of governing a world empire. A few years ago he decided to learn English and studied it for a short time but soon saw the hopelessness of the task and began trying to learn German instead, on account of the prospective world revolution. But Stalin's facility at foreign languages does not seem to be very great, for he has not yet learned to speak Russian properly, although he has governed the country for years.

Stalin knows his party comrades too well to maintain personal relations with them. He is satisfied with the knowledge that he has them all in the hollow of his hand. The methods he uses to subjugate them are peculiar. A safe in Stalin's house contains a great quantity of carefully arranged papers that Stalin guards as the light of his life. These papers contain complete information about every prominent member of the party and they all come from the secret archives of the Russian Tsarist police. Almost every member of the party made some *faux pas* in the hopeless pre-revolutionary times. Almost every one of them either had friendly drinks with the police, misused party funds for his own private purposes, or betrayed Lenin, and all this information the Tsarist police kept under lock and key. Now these papers are carefully locked up in Stalin's safe. In the evening he looks through their yellow leaves and revels in the sins of his party comrades. Generally he keeps these shortcomings to himself, but if any comrade becomes dangerous and tries to act independently Stalin summons him, shows him the documents, and says to him, 'See here, in the year 1905 in such and such a village you drank to the health of the chief of police. Watch out. Something unpleasant may happen to you as a result.'

Generally one such comradely warning is enough and the rebel becomes obedient again. But if the warning does not take effect the guilty man is unmasked publicly a few days later, whereupon a party court orders him to be banished and sometimes to be shot. Stalin has carefully destroyed his own police record, as well as all other material relating to himself.

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A French economist with an international reputation reveals the commercial obstacles to disarmament, which are fully as formidable as the more widely advertised political difficulties.

Corruption *in* Armaments

By Francis Delaisi

Translated from the *Crapouillot* Paris Topical Monthly

If there is one branch of production that ought to be jealously controlled by the state it is certainly the one on which the nation's security and independence rest. That is why public opinion has often demanded that the manufacture and sale of arms be a state monopoly.

But no nation is rich enough to immobilize all the capital necessary for its defense. Furthermore, factories for war materials are so often identical with factories for peace-time goods that control of them would in actual practice mean the nationalization of all key industries. Only a socialist state like Soviet Russia could apply such control in times of peace. Other nations can only permit 'industrial mobilization' in the event of war. Military supplies are made in one department of a factory that makes civil supplies. Such a factory must pay out of its own pocket for the necessary installations, thus saving the national treasury from immobilizing considerable sums of money, and it is therefore only fair that it should be allowed to profit from its investment. Of course, regular orders in the form of naval programmes and other constantly renewed items assure these factories of being able to meet their interest and amortization payments. But when they are permitted to work for other nations they are organized on a larger scale and are thus better able to satisfy national needs in the event of unforeseen danger.

That is why all the big armament firms in America, England, France, and Germany have been authorized to manufacture and sell heavy artillery and machine guns, cruisers, and sub-

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marines to Spain, Greece, the Argentine, and Brazil. This pleases the smaller nations with no industries of their own because by playing the munitions manufacturers one against the other they maintain an illusory appearance of sovereignty, and it pleases the munitions manufacturers too, because by producing more they lower their net costs.

Thus a paradoxical traffic in armaments has been established throughout the world. The League of Nations took the trouble to assemble statistics for the year 1925 based on the customs receipts published by the various countries. These figures indicate that the commerce in arms and ammunition in 1925 amounted to a total of $48,438,000, distributed as follows:—

Great Britain	$16,844,000
United States	10,676,000
Germany	8,609,000
France	7,191,000
Italy	2,040,000
Switzerland	1,210,000
Belgium	871,000
Austria	646,000
Holland	351,000
	$48,438,000

Of this amount, $43,320,000, or ninety per cent of these orders, went to the big industrial countries: the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and France. It will also be observed that German exports exceeded French exports, indicating that domestic limitation of armaments may have been achieved, but that one nation has not been prevented from arming another.

As for the recipients of these deliveries, the League of Nations gives the following figures:—

British Dominions	$8,159,000
China	5,455,000
Mexico	2,468,000
Japan	1,561,000
Rumania and Poland	1,132,000

Curiously enough, the League statistics, which reveal that $48,000,000 worth of armaments were exported, show only $27,000,000 worth of imports, which gives some idea of the inaccuracy of official customs receipts. But it is hardly astonishing when we recall that this is the only way in which many nations importing armaments can conceal how much they really spend.

Moreover, how is it possible to verify the exact figures, since civil and military goods are produced in the same factories and are often identical? If Poland buys airplanes or motor trucks, who can say whether they are for peace or for war, since the same products can serve two different purposes? The varied character of modern industry makes all control of the manufacture and sale of arms practically impossible. However, when orders are placed directly with the factory it should be perfectly possible for state inspectors to find out for whom the goods are destined and how they would probably be employed. This is obviously true of orders for artillery, cruisers, submarines, and other big units.

But there is also an extremely curious kind of retail trade in smaller items that goes side by side with the commerce in larger goods. Since the big firms are manufacturing at their own risk they cannot be prevented from using middlemen to sell their products, and if the same factories manufacture war goods and peace

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goods why should not the same middlemen sell both kinds of goods?

Thus it is that the following advertisement appeared in an official publication of the French Ministry of Commerce: 'Arms and Munitions for Hunting and War Shells of Every Calibre, Torpedoes of Every French and Foreign Make. The Old Established House of ——.' If it does n't matter who sells armaments it does n't matter who buys them. A simple order can thus be placed to have a consignment of shells delivered in Paris, then shipped to Rotterdam or Lisbon. Finally these shells arrive in the camp of Abd-el-Krim and little French soldiers will have the satisfaction of being killed by the products of their national industries.

IT may be asked how the principle of free trade in arms can be reconciled with the demands of diplomacy. Unquestionably the government of a nation manufacturing arms could discourage a big firm from accepting an artillery order from a nation that it regarded as a potential enemy. Indeed, such a government could even forbid granting the loan that usually accompanies orders of this kind. But it is not always easy to know the purchaser's intentions, and the big munition makers assert that their deliveries of artillery at an opportune moment may attract a foreign country into the orbit of the nation that provides the artillery. Thus on the eve of the Great War French factories were providing Bulgaria and Turkey with arms that were later to be turned against the Allies.

On the other hand, the countries that do the buying have the opportunity of making the firms of various nationalities compete to provide them with the best models at the cheapest prices. Often they accept the light artillery of one factory and the heavy artillery of another. In July 1914, Krupp and Creusot engineers were working side by side at the Putilov factories making armaments for the Tsar. It is not hard to imagine what happens under these conditions to the famous 'secrets' of war-time manufacture.

The fact is that purchasing nations place their orders abroad with no other considerations than quality and price, and these orders are accepted or even solicited with no other thought than the profit that they may bring. Alliances and military conventions affect the quantity and character of the armaments of the contracting parties, but not the business done by their various munition makers. Yet the sale and purchase of armaments, even though the various governments may regard them with indifference, do modify in the long run the international balance of power. A mere merchant who delivers a consignment of guns to Greece may make a break with Turkey more probable. A shipment of shells to Serbia may alarm Italy, and a secret delivery of machine guns to Hungary may trouble Prague, Belgrade, and Bucharest. It is an established fact that there is a real diplomatic side line that does not have to render its account to any government yet plays an important and often decisive rôle in the relations between states.

Let us recall a few recent examples. In 1920, by virtue of the San Remo agreement, the British, in return for being given a mandate over the oil-

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producing region of Mosul, recognized the French mandate over Damascus, although they had promised this territory to the Emir Feisal. But the Emir and the Druses fought France with rapid-fire guns and ammunition that were certainly not made in Asia Minor. At the same time the Greek government signed a contract to purchase arms and munitions on credit from the English firm of Vickers and thereupon repulsed the bands of Mustapha Kemal in the heart of Anatolia, until finally Kemal, having come to an agreement with France, found himself provided with guns and rifles opportunely discarded as obsolescent by the French army. Within a few weeks the Greeks were driven to the sea, and it was at this moment that an American war correspondent wrote: 'First I saw the retreat of the Greeks. They left behind artillery and machine guns, all of which bore the mark of the English firm, Vickers. Then I witnessed the triumphant entry of the Turks into Smyrna. They brought with them magnificent guns made by Creusot. On that day I understood what the "Entente Cordiale" meant.'

Officially France was at peace with Greece and Downing Street was ignoring the Druses. The British Parliament had not voted to support any treaty of alliance or extended any credit to maintain the Greek army. The French parliament had not approved any military agreement permitting the Turks to arm themselves. But the house of Vickers was not prevented from furnishing artillery to Greece on credit, nor were a few adventurous business men prevented from reselling French guns to the Turks in return for various concessions made to them after the Turkish victory. Neither the Quai d'Orsay nor Downing Street can have been completely ignorant of these private transactions, for England was greatly interested in driving the Turks away from the Bosporus and France wanted to maintain its mandate in Syria at all costs. Thus the diplomats of the two countries closed their eyes if not their hands and the French and English governments waged war on each other on a limited strip of territory and by means of third parties, unknown to the parliaments who were responsible.

All great powers pursue a diplomatic side line that is carried on outside of the usual diplomatic channels, often without the knowledge of the ministry and always without the knowledge of Parliament. Since this action necessarily violates official treaties, for if it did not it would not be secret, it creates a state of tension between governments and nations and a continual defiance that necessitates fresh armaments.

BUT this is not all that happens. Since traffic in arms is a private affair, private corporations are not forbidden, provided they have enough capital, to equip armies at their own expense. When the Standard Oil group and the Royal Dutch Shell group were competing for petroleum land in Mexico, a revolution would break out the moment the Mexican government took measures that favored one or the other of these two rival companies, and the two armies always marched on Tampico, where the petroleum wells were situated. One army was invariably equipped with heavy artillery, machine guns, and airplanes manufac-

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tured in America, and the other with armaments made in England. Thus Mexico for twenty years was the scene of civil war, and it has only become peaceful again because the two oil companies recognized that too much crude petroleum was being produced and agreed not to exploit any more new territory.

China offers a similar spectacle on a still larger scale. For twenty years that country has been the prey of a dozen or more war makers who raise armies of mercenaries. These armies are equipped in European style, and if anyone wants to know where their munitions come from he has only to follow the newspaper accounts of visits from Creusot, Krupp, or Vickers officials. The big armament firms provide them with abundant heavy artillery, machine guns, and ammunition, and are paid out of the proceeds from pillage in the provinces. All Chinese generals have their sleeping partners, whose names can be discovered at the banks of Hong Kong, Paris, London, New York, Yokohama, or even Moscow. Simple removals of capital divide or join whole armies, depending on whether the sleeping partners are changing their generals or whether the generals are changing their sleeping partners. This system has released on the unfortunate Chinese nation all the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and conditions will remain the same until some Chinese Wallenstein brings peace to the Celestial Empire.

The League statistics give an indication of the rôle that munition makers play in this drama. China is revealed as having spent $5,455,000 on armaments during the year 1925, and Mexico spent $2,468,000. Believers in historical parallels can see in these two countries in the twentieth century the same type of army that existed in the *condottieri* of the fifteenth century.

Private commerce in armaments inevitably engenders private wars. Of course the governments of the great powers pretend to ignore this traffic. With Olympian serenity they maintain their official representatives at Mexico City and at Peking or Nanking, whichever happens to be the momentary seat of power. No matter how remote the theatre of operations may be, the armies always destroy goods, railways, and European property. Concessions are pillaged, diplomatic and customs agreements are violated. First the rebels come in conflict with the various foreign governments, and then the foreign governments disagree among themselves. The victory of one Chinese general over another provokes an exchange of menacing notes between Japan and the United States or England and Russia, and the sudden arrival of Mustapha Kemal at the Dardanelles led Lloyd George to demand general mobilization of the Empire to safeguard the Straits. But the House of Commons replied by overthrowing the statesman it had followed through all the vicissitudes of the Great War. In like manner, the parliament of any great state may find itself unexpectedly threatened with war simply as the result of a traffic in arms over which it has no control.

WHEN war is declared between two nations or two groups of nations one might imagine that private business in armaments would stop, at any rate between the belligerents, but such

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is not the case. First of all the belligerents try to preserve the right of purchasing whatever they want from neutrals, and neutrals try to maintain the right to sell equally to both parties anything except armaments or other material that might be used in warfare. But how is any distinction to be made? With 3,879 products qualified as 'strategic' by the American Government there is scarcely any form of merchandise that cannot be confiscated.

The fact is that since the Armistice the Great Powers have never attempted to draw up a list of objects recognized by all as contraband of war. Hence it follows that in the next war, just as in the last one, belligerents will confiscate everything they can and small nations that cannot force their neutrality to be respected will have to enter the conflict whether they like it or not. The interdependence of peace-time and war-time industries has made neutral rights fictitious for all practical purposes.

There is another consequence more serious still. Among the numerous raw materials necessary for the manufacture of military supplies, there are certain nonferrous minerals and rare metals that can be mined only in certain parts of the world. Thus the kind of nickel that is necessary for special steel can be found only in Nova Scotia and Canada. Bauxite, from which aluminium is made, is found only in the south of France and in the United States. Manganese exists only in the Caucasus, and so forth.

It therefore happens that in time of war all the sources of one of these metals may lie in one camp and all the sources of another in the other camp. Only one of the two adversaries is able to make a great quantity of one indispensable war material and only the other adversary is able to produce some other indispensable material. Exchange becomes necessary and traffic in armaments continues. During the last war the German general staff lacked aluminium for the framework of its zeppelins, and also carbides and cyanamide for its explosives. At the same time the French general staff discovered that the Allied factories could not make nearly such good magnetos as the German factories, hence the inferiority of the French air service. But Switzerland presently began importing from Germany quantities of magnetos far in excess of its own needs and from France more bauxite and cyanamide than it could possibly use. The exchange of these materials under careful control was executed through the intermediary offices of Swiss factories.

Rear Admiral Consett of England revealed a similar traffic between England and Germany by way of Denmark, and a law suit has lately been filed against Krupp for having sent England supplies by way of Holland. The little neutral countries pressed in between the Great Powers are natural centres of more or less official contraband, and perhaps this is the chief reason why their neutrality is respected.

The popular masses are surprised by these exchanges because they believe that war has no other object than national defense. It seems strange to them that French aluminium is used to kill French soldiers and that German soldiers are killed with the aid of German magnetos. Such commerce seems like an act of high treason. But

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the point of view taken by the general staffs and the governments is quite a different one. This point of view is that war is the result of a conflict of interests, and that its objectives, in the form of annexation and zones of influence, are clearly defined in treaties of alliance that are generally secret and always precise. When these conflicts can no longer be regulated through diplomatic channels one resorts to force. The object of war is to obtain by force of arms precisely the kind of decision that could not be obtained by compromise. If some technical deficiency forces both adversaries simultaneously to lay down their arms without either side's winning or losing, there can be no decision. From this point of view a war without a victory is a useless war and must be resumed later. It is therefore to the common interest of the hostile general staffs to provide each other with the means to pursue hostilities to the end, that is to say until one of the adversaries admits defeat.

In France during the most tragic hours of the War, at the time of the Clemenceau ministry, two trials for high treason were going on at the same time. Bolo Pasha, accused of having wanted to buy a big newspaper in behalf of the Germans, was shot, and this was justice, because he tried to break the will to continue the War to the end among the people and the soldiers. The same week a group of French industrialists accused of having delivered cyanamide and carbides to Germany by way of Switzerland were acquitted with honor on the demand of a representative of the Clemenceau government because they had furnished both the French general staff and the German general staff with the means to carry the fight to a final decision. These two apparently contradictory judgments proceeded logically from the same principle. In the present state of technique there cannot be any such thing as national armament, even for the big industrial powers. But what becomes of the control of parliament and the people over a war that is being waged with their money and their blood? To-day in every country the instruments of national defense have escaped from the control of the nation.

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Russia's two greatest writers are analyzed and compared by a German critic with a reputation for universal scholarship second only to Spengler's.

Tolstoi *and* Dostoievski

By Egon Friedell

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

Carlyle's essay entitled *Dante and Shakespeare, or The Hero as Poet* ends with these words: 'The Tsar of all the Russias, he is strong, with so many bayonets, Cossacks, and cannons; and does a great feat in keeping such a tract of earth politically together; but he cannot yet speak. Something great in him, but it is a dumb greatness. He has had no voice of genius, to be heard of all men and times. He must learn to speak. He is a great, dumb monster hitherto.' Since that time Carlyle's wish has been fulfilled. Russia has learned to speak and has found its Dante in Tolstoi and its Shakespeare in Dostoievski.

It was no coincidence that Dostoievski suffered from epilepsy, which the Greeks called 'the holy sickness,' and that his death mask bears a striking resemblance to the head of Socrates. Both men were latent criminals who had purified themselves into saints, and it was their sickness that made them seers. The earthly shape that genius assumes, that paradoxical synthesis of high-tensioned cerebration and pathological sensitiveness, assumed its most striking and daring aspect in Dostoievski's incapacity for life and his supernatural clarity of vision. He combined a demonic sharpness of intuition, almost amounting to madness, with a capacity for mental dialectic of the utmost maturity, alertness, coldness, clearness, and logic. To this was added a delicacy and power of moral sensitiveness unique in the modern world. We must go back to Pascal and perhaps to the Middle Ages to find its equal.

No other writer seems so like a medium writing in a trance. It is easy to believe that his books were dictated to him by invisible angels, like saints we read about in legends. And yet his writings often have an all-too-human

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content mixed up in them. He was not free from the religious and political zealousness of his people. He kept proclaiming over and over again that the Orthodox Church, the most rigid, barbarous, and un-Christian form of Christianity, was the only true church and that Russia had a divine right to Constantinople. But these contradictions vanish as soon as one recognizes that Dostoievski was the last great Byzantine, the most recent incarnation of the spirit of the Eastern Roman Empire which we do not understand and of which we have at best but a dim awareness. Dostoievski is the chaos of the East from which light breaks and his great enemy and seducer is always the Western Roman Empire, in other words, all of Europe. His Russianism is like the Eastern Roman Empire, at once cosmopolitan and nationalist, imperial and theocratic, conservative and decadent, humble and elect. Like the Byzantine scholastics, he is composed of a mixture of primitive Christianity and hairsplitting theology. He hates the world of cities, perhaps even more profoundly and bitterly than Tolstoi, but despite his hate he remains, in contrast to Tolstoi, a Byzantine, that is to say, a cosmopolitan.

That is why he was the first Russian writer to give the popular novel poetic form, and he called the works of Tolstoi and other writers 'landed proprietors' literature.' His art is complex, late, costly, like a catacomb, and his creations remind one of Byzantium, with its shimmering mosaic splendor and its bright turmoil of hieratic figures. Dostoievski's characters stand mysteriously in empty places, and instead of courting observation they seem to follow the reader with eyes of terrifying intensity. And, like every sinking world, the world of Dostoievski is shuddering at the prospect of a great collapse. He is the trump of doom, sounding the end of one period and the beginning of a dark, mysterious, new one. This new thing that his prophetic eyes discerned was the Antichrist, and the Antichrist was revolution. His books are apocalypses and fifth gospels. In the *Brothers Karamazov*, Father Zossima says, 'In truth everyone is guilty of everything, only men know it not. If we knew it we should have paradise on earth.' Here Dostoievski is quoting one of the deepest teachings of the Gnostics. One of their greatest masters, Marcion, taught that man should release himself from everything, from what he is and from what surrounds him, from the world, from law, from sin, from his own ego, and even from righteousness. This is a profound evangelical truth and Dostoievski believed it. The Savior lifted up the adulterous woman, the sinful Magdalene, the unclean Samaritan, and made them His chosen ones. This is the chief reason why Dostoievski felt himself so drawn to criminals and loved them more than any other people. His dominating idea was that the criminal stands closer to God because he has taken upon himself a greater part of the human burden of guilt, that is to say, a greater part of sin; for Dostoievski believes that guilt and sin are indivisible and are merely two halves of the same timeless experience. In Dostoievski's strange moral code, the criminal is a kind of sacrifice and evil is merely a dimension of good. But the common roots of the two lie in Christian freedom, in freedom of choice between good and evil, in Christian understanding. This is the

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highest gift of divine grace and the surest basis of salvation. For only the man who knows evil can recognize good. In the existence of evil lies the certainty of good.

WHILE Dostoievski was raising his voice from that strange land where spirits are building a bridge between God and man, Tolstoi was active merely as a great artist making the earth more clean and beautiful. But in this capacity he attained the highest success, the art of artlessness. In the fifth part of *Anna Karenina* there is a passage about the painter, Mihailov, that recalls Tolstoi's own method of artistic creation:—

'He had often heard the word "technique" and had never understood at all what it meant. He knew that it was used to refer to the purely mechanical facility of a painter, that it was something quite independent of the content of the painting itself. He often noticed that technique and inherent value were used as contrasting terms, as if one could make a good painting of something that was bad. He was fully aware that great attention and foresight were necessary, otherwise the subject depicted would be maligned when it was revealed. But as for there being such a thing as an art of painting, a technique, it simply did not exist. If a little child or his cook were to explain to him what they really saw they would be removing the veil that had hidden the object of their contemplation. But even the most experienced and gifted master of the technique of painting would not be able to paint anything by the exercise of mere mechanical facility if the total content of what he was painting had not first been revealed. But he also realized whenever people discussed technique that he himself could never be praised for having mastered it.'

Tolstoi's art is of this kind. He removes the veils. The subject painted has long been in existence, but no one could see it. Then the artist comes and reveals it. That is all that he has to do. His whole achievement consists in making things look the way hardly anyone ever saw them, in other words, as they are. There are descriptive writers in whom verbosity is unforgivable, men who become impossibly boring if they expand even a little bit too much, but there are also men who bare the soul and who give every detail from start to finish. Tolstoi is one of the latter type. It is not that he is loquacious; he never says anything unnecessary and only repeats himself when he would be lacking in realism if he held back. But the experiences he describes are of rather secondary importance. His novels are tremendous collections of observations, ends in themselves. They are not an extract of life but, on the contrary, an extension and an accurate representation of life. None of the characters he describes could have consciously experienced as much as the author makes them experience. Men live much faster than Tolstoi writes, the reason being that they are not writers. But he lays hold on everything that is unnoticed and concealed, things that no other observer would detect, things that the characters he describes never would realize themselves. His powers of observation are so sharp and complete that their effect is almost ironic. For example, he says of Vronski, who later becomes Anna Karenina's lover: 'A

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new sensation of compassionate love seized him, a spiritual sensation of power and freshness, partly due to the fact that he had not smoked all evening.'

The most moving scene in the whole novel is the one in which Anna, given up by the doctor, calls her husband and lover to her bedside to reconcile them. She succeeds, and all three believe that at this moment they belong to a higher community, in which all men are united with the bond of forgiving love. This scene closes as follows: 'She said, "God be thanked. God be thanked. Now it is all ready. The feet can go only a little further. It is beautiful this way. How badly made those flowers are, so unlike violets," she continued, referring to the tapestry. "My God, my God, when will it be over?"' Tolstoi certainly never thought of depicting men and their emotions in that twilight world that Shaw, Wedekind, and Altenberg sometimes represent. But it is instructive to observe that this twilight is utterly unavoidable as soon as art becomes subject to the principle of truthfulness. 'Instructive' is perhaps the word that describes Tolstoi's novels best. They instruct us in many matters that are new and strange, and they certainly teach us the elements of microscopic vision. Yet in the end Tolstoi came to hate his great art. How did this happen?

THE fundamental instinct in man is the desire to rule. He wants to rule over the dead and the living, over bodies and souls, future and past. All the many sacrifices he makes are directed toward this end. The desire to rule is the hidden power that lifts him out of the confines of his animal nature, and it is to this passion that he owes the increasing spiritualization of his impulses. But nature and life go their own way in accordance with nonhuman laws. On the one hand stands dumb matter with its passive yet insuperable resistance, and on the other the world of the spirit, impossible to grasp, strange and impenetrably tangled, and, above all else, destiny, that directing power that dwells within what happens and that never asks questions of man.

What is to be done? To rule is the most important duty life lays upon us. It is nature's law for every organism to fulfill what is necessary under all circumstances, either by force or by cunning, and thus man devises by cunning a means of releasing his deepest desires. He discovers art.

Reality resists him. The world of things, with its massive immobility, is too hard and too inert, and the world of spirits, with its dubious impalpability, is too airy and incorporeal. Hence the cry goes up from within him, 'Away from reality! Away from the world as it is!' Thus he devises the ingenious idea of letting intolerant, determined realities go their own way and of forming a new and higher world of his own. This newly made world is his property, his domain. He can form it and shape it to his will. In this province he dares to hope that his own free, creative powers will at last enjoy full sway.

But at this point something curious happens to the artist. Something appears stronger than he, to wit, that creative power which shapes and rules this whole world. His art is more than he, for he is a helpless individual organism, a man like any other, whereas

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art is a terrific natural force. Therefore he begins to recognize with terror that this curious capacity for creation has made him more dependent than ever. He wanted to make a world according to his own desires and for that reason he summoned the poet in him to his aid. But what he expected would help him finally masters him and begins ordering him around in accordance with its own unalterable laws. Man wants to flee from himself into art, but when he sees the world that he himself has made, terror lays hold of him. His own creations stand before him, set free from his will, and he begins gradually to feel disgust and hatred for this art and to struggle against it. If clever people come and tell him that this is a contradiction, because in fighting his art he is fighting himself and the whole meaning of his life, he might reply to them as follows:—

'Of course I hate art, for I am an artist. The rest of you may look upon art with love and amazement, but I must curse it. To you it is stimulation, but to me it is fate. Through it I wanted to attain mastery and freedom, but it is art that has utterly robbed me of freedom; for, unobserved, it has grown out of me and become a tremendous, terrifying creature, foreign and hostile. I wanted to shape and form human beings in accordance with my wishes and ideals, in accordance with my own free instinct for power. But my art has never asked leave of my wishes and whims. The creatures that move in and out of my writings are not the creations of my own will. I wanted to create a world of beauty, and a world of truth has grown up before my eyes. I wanted to create a world of happiness, and a world of damnation has appeared. My creations have never been subject to me, they are never dependent on my will. They exist as beings with souls of their own, endowed with their own life forces, and they frighten me, which is not at all what I desire.

'Therefore I curse art itself, the basic enemy of my life. It has set itself over me and robbed me, destroyed me, and split me in two. It is the inhuman part of me. It is the inhuman part of life. Lies are human, but my art wants truth and ever more truth. Belief is human, but my art brings doubt. Blindness is human, but my art is the strength of sight. I never knew that the gift of vision was so terrible.

'The artist tunnels in every direction and brings subterranean things to light. Everywhere he goes, doubt accompanies him. He asks whether greatness is really great, goodness really good, the beautiful beautiful, and truth true. Why has he and he only this terrible mission? He is but a man like other men, with the impulse to believe. Why, then, has this frightful compulsion to see been laid upon him? I cannot discover any reason why the artist should love art. I should much rather be a simple peasant who finds everything really great and good, everything really true and beautiful. I should still like to see things that way, but I fear it is too late.

'But I shall cling to my hate. Who else can hate art as profoundly as the artist himself? Not you half artists, not you lovers and amateurs of art. You may love it, indeed, for you have never suffered from it. But for that very reason it does not belong to you, for only the things that make us suffer most profoundly really belong to us.'

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Is Berlin ultramodern and Paris hopelessly pre-war? Not at all, says an Austrian journalist who knows both capitals and who finds the Germans living in the past, the French in the future.

Old-Fashioned Paris *Modern* Berlin

By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM

Translated from *Sozialistische Monatshefte*
Berlin Socialist Monthly

WHEN WE THINK of certain newspapers and of certain authors who are always impartial we recognize that the time has passed when the newspapers of France and Germany were always exchanging insults. Nowadays we are much more polite and pay each other compliments.

Unfortunately this behavior has not got us very far because most of our politeness rests on just as grave misunderstandings as our former rudeness. It is not that the Germans underestimate France or that the French underestimate Germany. The point is that neither Germans nor Frenchmen understand their own countries. Germany and France, Berlin and Paris have acquired certain descriptive catchwords that are used to characterize them, and these catchwords have imbedded themselves so deeply in our heads that we hardly stop to think whether or not they are true.

It is quite astonishing how little humanity learned during the War and the post-war period. We are chattering in 1931 just as we did in 1913. After many changes of mind the French and Germans now judge each other much as they did before the War, just as falsely, anyway, and I am referring to men of good will, not to those who look on each other as hereditary enemies.

What do we read in Germany to-day about France and especially about Paris? A very great deal that is attractive. Paris is charming; it is alive with the past. It has preserved its great traditions. It is full of gardens and palaces, full of the spirit of the *Roi Soleil*, of the eighteenth century, and even of Napoleon III. One lives

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superbly in Paris because it is a city that does not move in the modern tempo. Paris, and all of France, for that matter, has remained fixed in the good old days—at least many Germans believe so; it is old-fashioned, a charming survival, but, of course, quite out of date. For modernity means technique, machinery, mass production, speed, 'tempo.' Paris is charming, unmodern, an anachronism. Berlin, on the other hand, is modern. It has no tradition, no charm, but is brimming over with the *Zeitgeist*. In Berlin automobiles go tearing through the streets. The spirit of the machine holds sway. Everything goes rushing forward. It may not be beautiful and may not please old-fashioned æsthetic theorists, but it is full of life and future possibilities.

I shall not discuss whether Paris is to be pitied and Berlin to be envied but shall merely point out that these judgments are directly contrary to the facts. The same legends of supermodern Berlin and charming, backward Paris were current in the Kaiser's day. Then they were perhaps half true, because Paris had been modernized under Napoleon III (much more radically, for that matter, than Berlin ever was, since it adopted a new city plan), whereas Berlin was modernized after the War of 1870, principally during the reign of Wilhelm II. But if this judgment was half true before the War it is totally untrue to-day. For changes have occurred. Paris since the War has become almost completely modernized and Berlin, for obvious reasons, has scarcely become modernized at all. Paris to-day is as it always has been and I hope always will be—a city of great living traditions. But in many respects it is by far the most modern European capital. Berlin, on the other hand, in spite of much that is new, has remained in all essentials just as it was during the time of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The character of Berlin is the character of the year 1900, for Berlin to-day is much more old-fashioned than Paris. I am not speaking of feeling or impressions, nor am I indulging in paradox. I am simply referring to certain cold facts. A French visitor may be impressed on his first arrival in Berlin by the way the railway tracks in one of the stations disappear and feel that Germany is the land of modern technique. But this only means that he did not arrive in the ancient Friedrichstrasse Station. Such a visitor simply babbles the same catchwords other visitors babbled before him, and that is what the public wants to hear, for one of the saddest things in the world is that the public never wants to hear a word of truth but only wants to have its preconceived ideas confirmed.

The Berlin railway stations were not built in the time of Wilhelm II; they are even older, and most of them are provincial and primitive. That is the first impression that strikes the visitor arriving in modern Berlin. Paris, on the other hand, has its Gare d'Orsay with electrical underground trains, its new, very handsome Gare de l'Est, and its modernized Gare de Lyon. Of course there are other modern stations in other German cities, but not in proud Berlin, where the spirit of our time has not yet entered.

Then consider street traffic. Electric street cars with long trolleys slowly rattle down the most crowded Berlin streets in the year 1931. Paris, on the other hand, has never allowed street

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cars in the centre of the city and is gradually abolishing those that run elsewhere. As for the subway system, in Berlin it is a torso, whereas the Paris Métropolitain consists of a thick network and the fares are very much lower. On both systems the rolling stock is uncomfortable and old-fashioned, but in Paris new equipment is being installed. France has more automobile trucks than Germany and many more in proportion to its population. Paris has infinitely more automobiles than Berlin and much more intensive automobile traffic. It has more numerous and more modern taxies. It has the best chauffeurs, and, last but not least, superior street-paving. During the time of Kaiser Wilhelm II, before the automobile had come into widespread popularity, Berlin began making its streets of asphalt. This was very modern at the time, but to-day it is not only unmodern, but dangerous. For the streets of Berlin are still made of the same old asphalt—a distressing indication of lack of *Zeitgeist*.

RAILWAY stations, traffic, and streets bitterly disappoint the foreign visitor who wants to believe that modern Berlin is superior to Paris. And now let us suppose that our visitor arrives at his hotel. Here, surely, he will find something remarkable in the way of architecture and equipment. But will he really? He has read a lot about tall buildings and *neue Sachlichkeit* and other lovely things. But he finds only the Halle, with its busts of the Kaiser, the Adlon, the Esplanade, which was built a generation ago in imitation of the Carlton Hotel in London, and the Bristol, with its bar in the best style of the 1880's. Paris has some twenty hotels *de luxe*, Berlin but five; in other words, fewer than Paris has built in the course of the past two years. Paris has also built a hundred other new hotels and Berlin but few, and Paris has altered nearly all its older hotels. Paris has any number of apartment houses and studios, whereas Berlin can offer the foreign visitor only a furnished room to rent, a pleasing but old-fashioned custom.

How about modern restaurants? Paris is full of them, whereas the few in Berlin specialize in French cooking and French names. How about modern theatres? The most modern in the world is the Théâtre Pigalle in Paris. How about modern variety theatres? Berlin has two of them, both built for other purposes. Berlin has better and more numerous modern moving-picture theatres, and I like most of Berlin's new buildings better than those of Paris, but there are actually very few of them. The public buildings in Paris are better adapted to their surroundings, and Paris also originated modern department-store architecture. Berlin has produced many pseudo-modern façades which conceal houses built in the time of the Kaiser and which are therefore just as deceptive as the pseudo-palatial style that they replaced, for neither horizontal stripes on the fronts of houses nor electric-light advertisements are anything more than superficial modern tricks.

But more important than all a city's buildings is its vitality, and what do we find in this respect? In Paris life and traffic to-day is even more intensive in those parts where it was always intensive, and there are also a number

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of new centres where everything was quiet and still before the War. Montparnasse with all its cafés, restaurants, hotels, and bars is not fifteen years old, and there is another centre in the Porte d'Orléans and another on the avenue Wagram. In Berlin during the same period life has died out in the centre of the city and has become concentrated in the west end. In Berlin the Kurfürstendamm has swallowed Unter den Linden, whereas in Paris the Champs Élysées and all the other boulevards have only become more active. Paris has grown tremendously and contains nearly six million inhabitants, if one includes the suburbs. It has developed into the greatest centre for foreigners that exists at the present time and has really become a world capital. It has newspapers in every language and people of every race live in it. The Institut Musulman is the centre of a new Islamic world and the Cité Universitaire is the beginning of the first world university. To put the matter in a nutshell, Paris is not being outstripped; on the contrary, it is much further ahead of the rest of the world than it ever was. It has become completely modern and is always changing, to the disgust of many Parisians. If either of the two cities can be said to remain old-fashioned, surely it is Berlin, not Paris.

No one can deny the facts that I have enumerated because they cannot be talked out of existence. I do, however, see the following objection, or rather I have often heard it. Perhaps Paris has more modern buildings and all the rest of it, but that is simply because Berlin lacks money. The spirit of Paris has remained old-fashioned, whereas the spirit of Berlin is up to date. But that, as Kipling says, is another story. We must first be clear in our minds as to what this spirit of the time really is. Is it as thoroughly American in 1931 as Berlin thought it was in 1929? Are not great crevices beginning to appear in the façade of the machine paradise? Paris looked European before the War and still looks European now that the War is over. Only time can tell whether this European look is a look of yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow. One thing, however, is certain. If the modern spirit in Europe does not become more European, then Paris, Berlin, and all Europe, too, can only prepare to dig their graves.

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A French visitor to the Far East describes a new kind of Chinese atrocity. His experienced Gallic palate was assaulted by an authentic Oriental dinner and he barely lived to tell the tale.

Chinese Dinner

By CLAUDE ALAYRAC

Translated from *Candide*
Paris Literary and Dramatic Weekly

WRITTEN in Peking—or Peiping, to use the modern style—on April 25, 1931.

Spent last evening with Mr. and Mrs. T——, eating a Chinese dinner that bore no resemblance to those they serve on the rue Racine or even to the charming Japanese meals of Kyoto, which are exotic but charming and which one eats kneeling on little mats in a completely respectable *salon*, served by a gracious little servant, while from the ground floor of the little house the strains of the *koto* gently rise. Here in China everything is brutal, dirty, and gross. We feel as if those who are escorting us had no eyes to see with, no ears to hear, no sense of smell, and, what is even more serious in a restaurant, no taste with which to savor the food. At the restaurant door we are assailed by the terrible smell inside, but no one pays any attention to it. Boys in spotted black robes—for black is a practical color—show us the narrow wooden stairway. We walk up one flight to a landing where hors-d'œuvre are laid out on wooden shelves. But perhaps these are not hors-d'œuvre. Perhaps they are the remains of a dinner that has already been finished, for there are a number of half-empty plates, some of them tipped over. Two saucepans set on two lighted stoves are full of a boiling liquid. The one smell that dominates all others is that of rice wine.

We pass through a corridor whose walls are set with square bits of rough glass. This leads to private dining rooms—I don't think there is any public dining room, for this is one of the best restaurants in the ancient capital—and we have had a particularly spacious room reserved for

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ourselves. We enter, and on the tablecloth, which has been stained by literally every kind of food, stand a few little saucers with rather jagged edges and some equally tiny bowls for rice wine. We nibble at black and white melon seeds, which take the place of the almonds and olives which we use as appetizers at home. They do have almonds here, too, but they are rolled in caramel, and we eat them with the tea, which is served at once. The only furniture consists of two little tables in the corner covered with material like the other tablecloth, and these coverings, too, are soiled, stained, old. An electric light shines crudely on the miserable scene.

As I try to smile heroically I hear vociferations that sound in no way human rising from behind the partition. The two semi-novices who are with us turn their heads, but our native hosts reassure them. 'Nothing, nothing,' they say; 'they are amusing themselves.'

So that is what they are doing. Later the shouting becomes more pleasant to hear, and I am invited to climb on a chair and look over the partition. Indeed, they are amusing themselves. A whole family is seated about a table overloaded with half-empty, upset plates and all kinds of litter. Both old people and young are present, but the children have gone to sleep in spite of the uproar. Two young men who look as if they were trying to slap each other in the face keep brandishing their right hands at each other across the table, holding up two, three, or four fingers and at the same time shouting a number. If the number shouted corresponds to the total number of fingers extended, the shouter wins.

This does away with conversation all right and it is not much worse than our games of dice, but, to do our dice credit, they are not quite such a noisy pastime. I climb down off the chair and smile. Our hosts try playing the same game to give us a bit of local color, but plenty of local color comes in with the platters that a serving boy with suspiciously dirty hands and without any napkins or tray balances skillfully in his arms. Our individual napkins are made of paper and there are ten to each person. I use mine principally for cleaning my plate, but the Chinese don't need them for this as they don't use plates. They plunge their chopsticks into the platter itself, eat as fast as they can, then plunge the sticks back again for more.

THE first dish bears the magnificent name of 'shark fins,' and it is terrible to gaze upon. It resembles a badly cleaned, jellylike skate, crumbled to pieces and left on the plate of a child with bad table manners. But for the sake of novelty I ask for some, or rather I take some myself to prevent my hosts from giving me too much. It turns out to be excellent, delicate as can be and with a natural saltiness which is fortunate, for the Chinese do not salt their dishes. I also enjoy some charming soft-boiled pigeons' eggs that swim in a watery, inoffensive sauce.

Our hosts empty their glasses of rice wine and automatically spit on the floor, as if regular spitting were a natural function. Perhaps Oriental glands are different from ours—an interesting possibility that I commend to some young doctor who is looking for a thesis subject. And now the mas-

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ter cook appears from behind the dirty curtain that serves the purpose of a door. He presents to our gaze a curious skewer in the form of a narrow, two-pronged fork on which he has impaled a superb golden duck, shriveled and cooked just right, its poor neck twisted between the teeth of the fork like a string. This duck, free from the sauces that do such violence to my stomach, appears supremely pure and attractive. But, alas, less than two minutes later a plate full of what looks like refuse appears on the table. It is the duck cut all to pieces, for the Chinese believe that the table should not be a butcher's bench, and they despise our barbarous way of serving our birds in identifiable quarters.

The duck is then eaten as follows. You place a very thin pancake in the palm of your left hand. (There is an enormous pile of them in the middle of the table.) You pick out a piece of duck, dip it in a sauce made from fermented soy beans, put it on the pancake, roll the pancake artistically around it with the chopsticks, making a tight little package which you then convey to your mouth between the chopsticks. But, alas, the duck is unsalted, so is the pancake, and the soy is simply execrable. Nevertheless, I prepare myself a second little package. Obviously I have been very badly educated, for I cannot put down any more hot rice wine. The mere smell of it makes me feel sick, yet it seems that one gets used to it, though for my part I should certainly never be able to come here often enough to get into the habit of drinking it.

The Chinese criticize Americans severely. In fact, the term 'American' is applied to barbarians of all nations who, when they live in China or visit it, persist in riding about in automobiles, drinking whiskey, wearing smoking jackets, and eating in European-style hotels. I believe that this kind of 'American,' the American from every country, perhaps even some of my own compatriots, will understand how I felt that evening. I am all for China, the China of lovely bronzes, polished jade, superb sculpture, and splendid palaces. But I am not for the China that I have been discovering all too often since I arrived here. Hurrah for our vacuum cleaners and Lux soap, say I. How many thousand tons of soap, I wonder, would be needed to do away with this terrible dirt.

ALL the time I am dreaming this way more dishes keep arriving. I do not say 'are passed' because they arrive, never to depart, and by looking at what has fallen on the table I can recall the taste of everything I have eaten since the burnt almonds that we took by way of appetizer.

Is n't the meal over yet? Not at all. Now comes the real thing. Classic rice. Famous rice with soup.

'Soup?' you ask. It appears that the dinner which began with almonds and passed through the shark fins and bamboo shoots is to terminate with soup. A tremendous ceremony now occurs. An alcohol chafing dish made of lovely wrought iron is placed in the centre of the table. It supports a fine copper bowl in which are swimming various green vegetables, possibly spinach, and other paler plants—seaweed, I am told, and bits of leeks and onions. This mixture has already gone through a preliminary cooking, but

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the process is not yet over. Now microscopic bits of raw fish the color of pale rose are brought in on a plate, and chicken, also raw, and finally a bright red substance that I take to be salmon but that turns out to be part of the internals of the poor duck, who has come to make us one last salute. Nor has the end yet arrived. A final plate contains a pile of chrysanthemum petals. White chrysanthemum. Do these serve, I wonder, to add a little poetry to this Gargantuan atmosphere. Not at all. The petals, too, are to be put into the soup. And now the brew starts to boil. In spite of the high flame that flickers all around the bowl, nearly setting fire to all the sleeves that are extended in that direction, everybody seizes a full plate and with his eager chopsticks scrapes the dark meat of chicken, duck intestine, filet of fish, bamboo shoots, and chrysanthemum petals into the steaming mixture. Hypnotized, we watch them writhe about and swell up with bubbles as they mingle with the seaweed and spinach.

The flames subside. The bubbling surface grows smooth. This is the moment when each of us precipitates his spoon—for each has a lovely long-handled spoon in his hand—into the bowl, then pours whatever he may have fished out into his bowl of pearly boiled rice. Now comes a crescendo of greedy drinking noises, for though the initiated are able to eat the solid particles with their chopsticks, in order to get at the liquid they must carry the bowls to their mouths and suck it in noisily.

Where have those famous Chinese refinements gone that Okakura Kakuso talked about? Who now feels intoxicated at the fifth cup of tea and experiences infinite voluptuousness at its mere aroma? Are these refinements dead? They are indeed just as dead as the Sung dynasty ceramics that portrayed the four positions of birds on delicate silk and apple trees in blossom on rolls of parchment. They are dead as the men who carved the marble thresholds of palaces and paved closed courts with marvelous pebble mosaics. They are dead and vanished from China and the world forever. For my part, I meet only greedy merchants, indifferent or gruff watchmen who spit fifty times an hour on the dusty floors of the palaces they guard, and, above all, odious young people with European felt hats, dirty handkerchiefs, and brazen expressions.

But I am dreaming again. What a bad guest I am. Isn't this meal over yet? It seems that if we Europeans were not here still another fish course would be served but since we are this course is omitted and some mandarins are brought in immediately. The table is littered with nuts and refuse. We have a few more glasses of rice wine and then someone suggests a cup of tea. Yes, good Lord, we need it all right. Thank you. We are leaving. But do we get up at once? Not at all. We must pay our respects first. Finally we descend the narrow stairway and find the smell even stronger in the room below. Cooks and boys dressed in black stand about the door in front of the kitchen. Adieu. Adieu. We are going out into the cold night air, to the carriage that will take us to our hotel. I should prefer to go on foot but, on the other hand, it will be nice to get to a big glass of fresh water as quickly as possible and to be able to wash my hands.

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Two British men of letters discuss the problems of the modern publisher in dialogue form. Hugh Walpole, an adviser to the British equivalent of our own Book-of-the-Month Club, attacks the literary ballyhoo and Beverley Nichols attacks Mr. Walpole's Book Society.

Dialogues *on* Literature

By Two British Critics

I. Book Ballyhoo

By Hugh Walpole

From the *Week-end Review*, London Conservative Weekly

MR. MALTHUS has just been staying with me. I hope that he has enjoyed himself, because he has a fine, serious spirit, cares for the right things, and sees life both steadily and whole. Last evening—the final one of his visit—we had a little conversation that should be given, I think, a wider publicity.

It began as we were sitting on the lawn, looking at a sleepy, sulky lake (already called by Mr. Malthus 'Wordsworthian'), by my guest's suddenly remarking, 'Mr. Galsworthy says that there is too much enthusiasm about new books. Every day, he says, a new genius is announced.' (Malthus always calls authors 'Mr.,' however well he knows them. He thinks that this is due to their talents.)

'Mr. Galsworthy,' I replied, 'is undoubtedly right.'

'Mr. Ervine says so, too,' remarked Malthus.

'Mr. Ervine is undoubtedly wrong,' I replied—not at all because I meant it, but because I was half asleep and answered mechanically. And, anyway, Mr. Ervine *is* always wrong, most especially about the Scandinavians, who must be aching, if they have any proper pride, to boil him in oil.

'Yes, but,' continued Malthus (this is his favorite conversational gambit), 'don't you think yourself that publishers and book societies and personal

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friends of the author and truly enthusiastic people like yourself are making altogether too much noise? Now I can't open a paper any morning without seeing a photograph of Mr. Shaw . . .'

'Mr. Shaw is making a noise about himself,' I replied. 'While we others . . .'

'It comes to the same thing in the end,' Malthus answered.

'Yes, but not intentionally,' I replied.

'Yes, intentionally,' said Malthus.

By this time I was thoroughly awake. 'Now look here, Malthus. Listen to me. The other day I said of a certain book that it reminded me in its unliterariness of Borrow. In every other respect, I said, it had no resemblance to Borrow whatever. But the publisher of that work announced hugely week after week simply my comparison with Borrow. Everything else he omitted.'

'Yes, but,' said Malthus, 'publishers must do what they can for their authors. And you weren't born yesterday. Why do you do such things? Will you never learn?'

'Probably not,' I replied. 'But I am not the question. We are considering Mr. Galsworthy. Mr. Galsworthy is serious and honest and very seldom interferes—therefore he *must* be considered. Now, Malthus, *is* there too much noise about new books? Can there possibly be?'

'Not if they are the right books,' said Malthus, cautiously.

'Ah,' I cried, throwing my pipe into the lake. 'There you have the root of the matter. I observe that everyone thinks that he or she knows just *what* the right books are, and yet the right books are all different. Everyone from Mr. Galsworthy to "Beachcomber," everyone from Miss Rebecca West to myself. We all, in fact, have our confident judgments. Only this week, for instance, I learn that Mr. John Cowper Powys thinks that Miss Dorothy Richardson is more important than Dostoievski, that Mr. Harding thinks Mr. Geoffrey Dennis a genius, that Miss Vera Brittain and Miss Winifred Holtby think Mrs. Naomi Mitchison's last novel incomparable . . .'

'Who,' asked Malthus, 'are Miss Brittain and Miss Holtby?'

'They are the Miss Buss and Miss Beale of contemporary letters.'

'Well, but,' went on Malthus, 'who are Miss . . .'

However, I brushed him aside. It is his fate to be brushed aside by all sorts of people. 'Don't you see, Malthus,' I went on, 'that everyone who is enthusiastic shouts and disapproves of the shouting of every other person? And that this has been so since the beginning of time? Ben Jonson shouted about Shakespeare. Dr. Johnson (a very bad judge of letters) about Richardson. Scott about Joanna Baillie, and so on and so on. And then the publisher takes advantage of the shouts in his favor—nor can anyone blame him.'

'Yes, but,' said Malthus, 'the ballyhoo is much worse now than it has ever been before.'

'EVERYTHING is worse,' I answered sententiously, 'than it has ever been before. A great many more books are published, but, on the other hand, there are a great many more people to read them, and these people have a great many more things to

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distract them. Now Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, Mrs. Naomi Mitchison are all most excellent writers. They are not enough read, not nearly enough. They cannot be too much read. Therefore, there cannot be too much ballyhoo.'

'Yes, but,' said Malthus, 'ballyhoos are so vulgar.'

It was just at this point, just as the moon was rising behind Helvellyn that I wanted—nay, longed—to throw Malthus into the lake.

'I thought you were coming to that. Oh, yes, let us not be vulgar! Let us be quiet and refined and austere and behave as though books were as delicate as French peasants' finances and as rare as the auk's egg! Let us talk of books in whispers and turn green with horror if a book sells more than ten copies and faint before a bookseller's window! Bosh, Malthus! All bosh and superior nonsense! There is not even the beginning of enough noise about books in England! A book sells twenty thousand copies and we are all amazed. Twenty thousand copies and there are millions of people in London alone who have never, as yet, bought a book in their lives! Herbert Sutcliffe makes two hundred runs and no one talks of anything else for weeks, but Robert Bridges publishes *The Testament of Beauty* or Virginia Woolf a new novel, and who knows or cares? All because we are so refined and delicate and fearful of making fools of ourselves, we cowardly hush-hush immaculate lovers-of-books!'

'Dear, dear,' said Mr. Malthus, edging his chair away from mine. However, he is an obstinate man. He bravely continued: 'Well, but—suppose the ballyhoo is about the *wrong* book. The late Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, was always praising the wrong book, and that led people to buy the wrong book instead of the right one.'

'Bah!' I replied. 'The late Mr. Bennett was sometimes hasty and was sometimes prejudiced, but his enthusiasm and courage were of priceless advantage to literature. Are you implying, Malthus, that because a person buys one book he won't buy another? Nonsense! Because he buys one book he *will* buy another!'

'Yes,' said Malthus, doubtfully, 'I see. The thing is to make a noise.'

'The thing,' I answered, firmly, 'is to make a noise. Books are absurdly hidden. Everyone is under a conspiracy not to mention a book lest they should offend the law.'

'What law?' asked Malthus.

'The law of good taste, of right feeling, of precious culture. And now, Malthus,' I added, 'I am going to throw you into the lake.' And this I promptly did.

II. The Man Who Missed the Bus

By Beverley Nichols

From the *Saturday Review*, London Conservative Weekly

THIS is a brief exploration of the methods of the Book Society, whose choice for July is *Humor and Fantasy*, an omnibus volume by F. Anstey, containing his novels, *Vice Versa*, *The Tinted Venus*, *A Fallen Idol*, *The*

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Brass Bottle, *The Talking Horse*, *Salted Almonds*. It is published by John Murray at 8*s*. 6*d*.

(*The scene is the Book Society's headquarters, an immense room, dimly lit, with a table covered with papers in the middle. Jinks, the office boy, is the only occupant of the room. The telephone rings.*)

VOICE: This is Mr. Hugh Walpole speaking. Is that Jinks? I'm terribly sorry, Jinks, but you must tell the other members of the committee that I can't come to-day . . .

JINKS: They've all rung up and said they can't come neither, sir.

MR. WALPOLE: Heavens! What are we to do?

JINKS: Well, sir, there's a new book just in which, speakin' personally, I . . .

MR. WALPOLE (*eagerly*): Yes, yes, what is it?

(*Jinks tells him. Mr. Walpole is enchanted. He rings off. The following telephone conversations tell the rest of the story.*)

MR. WALPOLE TO MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

MR. WALPOLE: We've got to fix up something for July. I thought an omnibus . . .

MR. PRIESTLEY (*aghast*): We have n't got to have an outing, have we?

MR. WALPOLE: Don't be an idiot. *This* omnibus . . .

MR. PRIESTLEY: I don't care what sort of omnibus it is. I sha'n't go. I hate omnibuses. They make me sick. I always had to go in omnibuses before I wrote *The Good Companions* (by the way, they've just brought out a snug little pocket edition in Basque) and, anyway, we'd all look fools . . .

MR. WALPOLE: *Will* you listen? An omnibus volume by F. Anstey. I want to make it the Book of the Month.

MR. PRIESTLEY: Anstey? Is he still alive? You *must* make sure he's alive.

MR. WALPOLE: Of course he is. He's written a preface.

MR. PRIESTLEY: That's no proof. However, you might ring him up and ask. What's the book got in it?

MR. WALPOLE: All his best work.

MR. PRIESTLEY: Such as?

MR. WALPOLE: Oh—*you* know—they're household words.

MR. PRIESTLEY: *Household Words?* Ah, yes—I remember that one. Brilliant stuff. For sheer genius of characterization—m'yes. What else is in the volume?

MR. WALPOLE (*very rapidly*): *Brass Almonds*, *Tinted Vice*, *The Salted Venus*, *The Fallen Bottle*, *The Talking Idol* . . .

MR. PRIESTLEY: O.K., Chief! (*He rings off.*)

MR. WALPOLE TO MISS CLEMENCE DANE

(*Miss Dane, when the telephone rings, is entirely surrounded by hydrangeas.*)

MISS DANE: *Hell*-oh!

MR. WALPOLE: Don't swear at me, Clemence!

MISS DANE (*clacking her tongue*): I was n't.

MR. WALPOLE: You were. And, even if you were n't, you will. It's about the book for July.

MISS DANE (*bored*): Oh! Have you found anything?

MR. WALPOLE: Yes. An omnibus volume by F. Anstey.

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MISS DANE (*vaguely*): *Dear* F. Anstey!

MR. WALPOLE: What did you say?

MISS DANE (*sharply*): I said 'Dear F. Anstey.'

MR. WALPOLE: Why?

MISS DANE: Well—really—well, why should we make him the Book of the Month, then?

MR. WALPOLE: If you can suggest anything better . . .

MISS DANE (*hastily*): No—oh, no—certainly not. I only wondered what was *in* the omnibus.

MR. WALPOLE: Charming stuff. Very whimsical.

MISS DANE: Very what?

MR. WALPOLE: HWIMSICAL. H for Harry, W for Waterloo . . .

MISS DANE: Ah, yes. It's time we had some hwimsy. What did you say the names of the books were?

MR. WALPOLE (*very quickly*): *Vice and Venus*, *Falling Almonds*, *The Tinted Bottle*, *The Salted Horse* . . .

MISS DANE: Heavenly! I know them all by heart. Thank you so much, dear Hugh. *Good*-bye!

MR. WALPOLE TO MR. SWINNERTON

(*Mr. Swinnerton, when rung up, is smoking stinkers with the sort of expression usually reserved for members of the Balkan Sobranje.*)

MR. WALPOLE: That you, Swinnerton?

MR. SWINNERTON: Who else should it be? I'm not a best seller. I've not got forty-nine housemaids to answer the telephone, like Priestley. I've not . . .

MR. WALPOLE: No, of course not. It's about the Book of the Month.

MR. SWINNERTON: Oh, Lord—*another* one?

MR. WALPOLE: Well, it's another month.

MR. SWINNERTON: It seems like yesterday—still—have you found anything?

MR. WALPOLE: Yes—there's an Anstey.

MR. SWINNERTON: Ah, yes—very promising.

MR. WALPOLE (*doubtfully*): Well . . .

MR. SWINNERTON: I always said that young man would go far. What's the book?

MR. WALPOLE: It is n't a book. It's six books.

MR. SWINNERTON: Good God! The energy of the modern generation—by the way, that's a good idea for an article—'Our Modern Dynamos'—six books—what are they called?

MR. WALPOLE (*gabbling*): *Tinted Horses*, *The Almond and Idol*, *Brass and Salt*, *Vice and Venus* . . .

MR. SWINNERTON: That's the stuff to give the troops! They may shock our Kensington public, of course. *Vice and Venus*—but still, I'm game. *Good*-bye.

MR. WALPOLE TO MISS LYND

MR. WALPOLE: Listen, we've all decided to choose an Anstey omnibus this month—you remember Anstey . . .

MISS LYND: Who?

MR. WALPOLE: Anstey—our old friend F. Anstey.

MISS LYND: 'E ain't no old friend of mine.

MR. WALPOLE: Don't be facetious, my dear, please . . .

MISS LYND: 'Oo's calling me my dear?

MR. WALPOLE (*with fierce cheerfulness*): Yes—*I* feel the heat too—the omnibus contains, among other things, *The Tinted Venus* . . .

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MISS LYND: Then I'm not goin' in the blasted thing.

MR. WALPOLE: Sylvia!

MISS LYND: An' don't call me Sylvia. I'm Lucy Lynd, I am, and I'm a respectable woman an' nobody's ever called me a tinted, bleeding Venus . . .

(*Mr. Walpole cuts off. He is very pale. After a short interval he lifts the receiver with a trembling hand. He gets the real Miss Lynd.*)

MISS LYND: Oh, I'm so glad you rang up. I've found a divine book.

MR. WALPOLE: Indeed.

MISS LYND: Don't bark at me. It's an omnibus by Anstey.

MR. WALPOLE: But that's marvelous. It's what we *all* want to choose.

MISS LYND: I'm so glad. I adore his *Tinted Almonds*, don't you?

MR. WALPOLE: Do you mean his *Tinted Horse?*

MISS LYND: No, dear, *Tinted Almonds.*

MR. WALPOLE: It's terrible of me, but I've got an accurate mind and I hate things being called by their wrong names. It's . . .

MISS LYND: *Tinted Almonds.*

MR. WALPOLE: *Tinted Horse.*

MISS LYND (*laughing artifically*): *Too* amusing. Of course, I've known the book since I was a child.

MR. WALPOLE (*with clenched teeth*): So have I. Also his *Fallen Bottle.*

MISS LYND: His *Talking Bottle*, did you say?

MR. WALPOLE: No, I did not. I said his *Fallen Bottle.*

MISS LYND (*with infuriating calm*): Dear me, that must be a new work. Of course, I've known his *Talking Bottle* since I was a child.

MR. WALPOLE (*at the end of his tether*): And judging by your conversation, it is n't the only sort of bottle you've known!

MISS LYND (*outraged*): Mr. Walpole! (*jogging receiver*) Mr. Walpole! Mr. Walpole!

(*And it is on this angry cry, which must surely be echoing from the throats of many members of our august Society, that we will end.*)

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BOOKS ABROAD

DER MENSCH UND DIE TECHNIK. *By Oswald Spengler. Munich: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1931.*

(From the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna)

TECHNICAL progress has won such unanimous praise for so long a time that skeptics are at last beginning to raise objections. They ask whether the machine does not tend to enslave men rather than to free them. Does n't it bring more misery than happiness? Painstaking philosophers have tried to justify technique, but Oswald Spengler, the renowned author of *The Decline of the West*, has now developed a thesis of his own in his latest book, *Der Mensch und die Technik*.

By the word 'technique' Spengler means much more than mechanical technique. He means the whole tactical process of our struggle for existence. Even animals have a technique in this sense, a technique of securing nourishment for themselves in the face of their enemies. Spengler has no use for the usual anatomical subdivisions of the animal kingdom. He divides all life and all living creatures into two groups. The lower group is made up of the vegetable eaters. They secure their nourishment from plants that cannot flee or defend themselves. The plant eaters adopt a defensive attitude toward their enemies. They run away and never fight. For this reason, Spengler, as a disciple of Nietzsche, regards them with contempt. Here, however, is his opinion of the beast of prey: 'The beast of prey is the highest form of free, moving life. It enjoys the maximum of freedom from others and for itself, the maximum of responsibility and independence. But it is also subject to the most extreme necessity, since it maintains itself by fighting, conquering, and annihilating. Man deserves a high rank in the scheme of things because he is a beast of prey.'

In what respect does the human technique of fighting the battle of life differ from animal technique? 'Bees, termites, and beavers erect astonishing structures. Ants know how to raise plants, build roads, make slaves, and go to war. They care for their young, erect fortifications, and move about the world widely and systematically.' But the individual animal attains all these astonishing accomplishments through a technique that is common to the whole species. Human technique, on the other hand, is personal, independent of the group; it is 'conscious, voluntary, adaptable, inventive,' and the first man was the creator of his own tactics of living.

Spengler does not believe in evolutionary theories or that human beings have animal ancestors: 'Even the most ancient human skeletons are exactly like the human beings of today. We see the Neanderthal type in every human group.' Spengler adopts the bold hypothesis that man emerged suddenly, 'like everything decisive in world history.' The essential element in his success has been the hand. The hand formed the first tool and the first tool took the form of the hand. But the creation of the tool meant the creation of something artificial, something 'against nature,' which gave

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man tremendous power over nature. In Spengler's opinion the first tools were created and used by individuals. Each man made his own invention for himself.

Another characteristic of the first epoch in human history, which lasted for ten thousand years, was that man lived for himself alone, or at most banded together in loose tribes whose members felt that they were all each other's enemies. In his tools and in his weapons man had a means of asserting his will to power over his own kind, over all forms of life, over the whole of nature. With the tool something artificial opposed nature for the first time. Five thousand years before Christ a new step in the direction of artificiality occurred. This also arose from the will to power. Suddenly man realized that through the 'enterprise of multiplying his kind' he could become more powerful. Side by side with the development of human speech, through which man made himself understood by his fellows, another process occurred, the grouping of communities and tribes into states. Organized existence developed in an organized way. At this stage the distinction between the rulers and the ruled first appeared. Manual and intellectual activity became two distinct things. There were two definite kinds of technique, the technique of planning and the technique of execution. The number of 'hands' increased, the number of 'heads' or natural leaders remained small. 'It was the herd of natural beasts of prey, the herd of the gifted, that ruled the increasing hordes that fell into the other category.' But the realities of communal life restricted to a certain degree the personality even of the leader. The 'enterprise of multiplying his kind' thus became the trap in which man, the beast of prey, caught himself.

On the basis of increasing his kind man erected various high cultures, one after the other, whose character, development, and collapse Spengler has described in his master work. One characteristic of all these cultures was the development of the city as a thing apart from mother earth. Here life became utterly contrary to nature. An artificial social order arose, with nobles, priests, and middle classes. (According to Spengler and Nietzsche the natural order is the strong and the weak, the clever and the stupid.)

TECHNICAL progress is the fruit of this growing artificiality and spiritualization. In our own cultural period, known as the Faustian, which began around the year 1000 A.D., human beings are no longer content with the services of plants, animals, and slaves. They came to be no longer satisfied with 'robbing nature of its treasures—metals, stone, lumber, vegetable fibre, water in canals and wells—and with asserting their opposition to nature by crossing the seas in ships, building roads, bridges, tunnels, and dikes. Nature was no longer merely plundered of its wares but its very strength was organized to perform the work of slaves, thus increasing many times over the strength of man.' That is the theory that characterizes Faustian culture.

Back in the thirteenth century Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus had thought of steam engines, steamboats, and flying machines, and many of their contemporaries had experimented with perpetual motion in the

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cells of their monasteries. To build up a world that moved of its own strength like the great world and could be subjugated by man's little finger—'that was the Faustian dream of invention which led to all the mechanical discoveries and which kept coming as close as it could to the unattainable goal of perpetual motion.' Spengler explains inventions as arising from the will to power. It makes no difference to the inventor whether his invention is useful or wasteful, creative or destructive. The only thing that is important to him is the personal triumph over a difficult problem and the wealth and fame that success will bring. Furthermore, it is not true that human technique has lessened human labor. The more machines there are, the more hands are needed to run them. Every invention contains within itself the possibility and even the necessity of new inventions. Each wish that is satisfied awakes new wishes. Each triumph over nature tempts us to greater triumphs.

Spengler believes that technical progress and the Faustian period of culture will come to an end. Born leaders are beginning to attack the machine. Pure speculation is increasing. All kinds of mystical theories are becoming popular, just as they were before the fall of the Roman Empire. The second symptom of the approaching end of machine culture is the attitude of the masses. The majority, who are utterly depersonalized, are beginning to mutter against their destiny and against the machine. But the third and most serious symptom is that the white men have revealed their technical methods to the colored races, among whom Spengler includes the Russians. The result is that the colored races are now able to emancipate themselves from the industry and the power of the whites. Everywhere they are building up their own industries, aided by their low wage levels. This process makes for unemployment among us, and this unemployment is no crisis but the beginning of catastrophe. To await honorably the tragic conclusion is all that remains for us to do.

Spengler's new book is a brief postscript to his main work, and deals with a single topic, technique. Often prone to contradict himself, often more contentious than he is convincing, always bold in his hypotheses, Spengler remains none the less an imposing figure. His book is infused with the immensity of his theory and with the poetic fervor of his exposition.

BY THE WAY. *By 'Beachcomber' (J. B. Morton). With Illustrations by Nicolas Bentley. London: Sheed and Ward. 1931. 7s. 6d.*

(Gerald Gould in the *Observer*, London)

ODI ET AMO—but how far the love exceeds the hate! Some of 'Beachcomber's' opinions I hold in exceeding detestation; but I live, like many hundreds of thousands of my fellows, in perpetual enslavement to his wit and charm. How to classify him as humorist? It is a task for Dr. Strabismus (whom God will certainly preserve) of Utrecht; Prodnose might take a hand in it, and Mr. Thake contribute an idiot postscript; Mrs. Wretch and Lady Cabstanleigh might come neighing round, gathering lions in June; but, for myself, I will but say, in a simple, manly phrase such as suits with my theme, that 'Beachcomber' defies classification. His rhet-

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oric is noble, whether serious or absurd; his parodies are little angels, enriched with devilry; his puns are prompt, pleasing, and potent; he creates character with a large and easy majesty, throwing up bugbears and cockshies with all their imperfections thick upon them. He is satirist of the social scene, of the libraries, of the newspapers. He abuses heartily, but with such lovable Rabelaisian gusto that even his victims can enjoy their wounds.

Mr. A. A. Milne, for instance, will get his laugh out of 'When We Were Very Silly'—I wish I had space for more than half a poem:—

Some one asked
The publisher,
Who went and asked
The agent:
'Could we have some writing for the woolly folk to read?'
The agent asked
His partner,
His partner
Said, 'Certainly,
I 'll go and tell
The author
Now
The kind of stuff we need.'

And quite half-a-dozen of our most brilliant writers of dialogue will take to themselves, with more pride than prejudice, the extract from 'Passion at the Byre,' by Julia Jaundice:—

'Life,' she said, and paused.

He tapped a cigarette on the back of her hand.

'Yes,' he said, almost gently.

'Life's so big,' she volunteered, 'so large, so spacious.'

'I know,' he said. 'It's all so huge; so vast; so enormous.'

'Like some Great Thing that . . .'

'Yes.'

Personally, I prefer the moods of pure, undefiled idiocy:—

Lady Cabstanleigh, for whom I cherish a warm affection, can be exceedingly sharp-tongued when she wishes. A day or two ago Roland Milk, the watery poet, was among her guests . . . 'Before I die,' he said, 'I want to do something big and clean in the world.'

'Go and wash an elephant, Mr. Milk,' retorted Lady Cabstanleigh.

Or take, title and all:—

A SHAKESPEARE SUCCESS

'Eavesdropper' writes:—

Stultitia Cabstanleigh and 'Fop' Tracey (who hunts with the Cardiff) were in the stalls at the first night of 'A Date with a Jane,' Mr. Wal Hogwasch's subtle and tasteful adaptation of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, with music by Swampski.

Dans the *foyer* during the *entr'acte* somebody said to Stultitia, 'But I thought you'd thrown over young Tracey long ago.'

'You know how a girl throws,' replied Stultitia.

Or—just one more:—

A highbrow musical lady
Gave a highbrow musical tea;
'What's Godunov for them,' she said,
'Is good enough for me.'

But any quotation from 'Beachcomber' entails the devastating inability to quote the rest. One can give no idea of his versatility, his fecundity. He is a daily joy, and here he has collected a joyful year. Long may he comb the 'vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world!'

'PROSPERITY,' WUNDERGLAUBE UND WIRKLICHKEIT IM AMERIKANISCHEN WIRTSCHAFTSLEBEN. *By Professor M. J. Bonn. Berlin: S. Fischer A. G. 1931.*

(Friedrich Sternthal in the *Literarische Welt*, Berlin)

PROFESSOR M. J. BONN'S new book appears at precisely the right moment. There is no other German so thoroughly qualified as he to write

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about the happy period of prosperity and its termination. 'Although in France and England, which both possess a much older and more searching body of literature concerning America than does Germany, a critical attitude was dominant in consideration of things American . . . in the land of poets and thinkers, on the other hand, unrestrained admiration of the conveyor belt pervaded the workshops where books are made.'

Professor Bonn has not permitted himself to be dazzled by prosperity; for this reason he does not find it necessary to judge prosperity unfairly, whereas its former European glorifiers cannot do enough at present to heap mockery upon Americans, taunting them because of their faith in the miraculous. Even though the collapse has visited a great deal of trouble upon the United States, admiration of the phenomenon of prosperity has been less dangerous to Americans than to their blind imitators in Germany. Bonn sees in the precipitate German policy of rationalization one of the causes of German unemployment. He reproaches the German economic system with having brought about its own downfall by achieving rationalization 'not from a sense of inner conviction but from observation of external success.' Moreover, German economy misconstrued the causes of prosperity, the assumptions on which it existed, and the prognoses concerning its development.

In a very thorough analysis Bonn investigates the three factors that have shaped the economic life of the United States: the aid of natural forces, a revolutionary temperament, and a technical will certain of its objectives. Unfortunately, space does not permit us to set forth here the numerous and exact facts marshaled by Bonn in support of his theme. We must, however, mention the fact that in his opinion the War, while it favored and hastened the development of prosperity, was not the original source of the phenomenon. The conditions that made prosperity possible already contained the causes of its disintegration. Among these causes was the end of 'the expansion policy based upon free land. It is true that wide stretches of unowned land still exist in the United States, but they are not adapted to the creation of new homesteads.' There is also the question of domestic help. This question, for reasons that cannot be dealt with here, has brought about a situation in which the personal life of the individual can be preserved to a certain degree only by 'recourse to far-reaching forms of socialization.' Finally, the characteristic pattern of thought, or perhaps, more accurately expressed, the residue of Calvinism in the soul of the American capitalist, has focused the whole economic life of the United States upon the ultimate consumer. Prohibition, among other things, contributes to this end; so does the film industry, which has established a sort of 'factory of divine beings.'

When the ultimate consumer reached his financial limits, whatever may have been the cause, the inevitable result was the collapse of the whole proud structure of prosperity. Bonn perceives the meaning and significance of the American crisis in the fact that it is the first to take place since the opening up of the entire country and since the restriction of immigration. He concludes that America

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When the ultimate consumer reached his financial limits, whatever may have been the cause, the inevitable result was the collapse of the whole proud structure of prosperity. Bonn perceives the meaning and significance of the American crisis in the fact that it is the first to take place since the opening up of the entire country and since the restriction of immigration. He concludes that America

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has finally cast off her colonial character. In Bonn's opinion the outlook for the future is not unfavorable if one reflects how rich a country America is even to-day in respect to natural resources and to values that have been created by man. He envisages, however, two dangers to the United States. One lies in the bewitching effect upon Americans of events in Soviet Russia, the respect and admiration they feel for the tremendous project of the Five-Year Plan. In this connection Bonn treats extensively a multitude of psychological facts. Nevertheless, he does not believe that the 'Russian complex' (if such an expression is permissible) will produce a genuine danger of revolution in the United States. The outlook is different in the case of another factor upon which Bonn touches in an earlier portion of his book. He remarks that 'the film industry presents a fresh world of vision to a people that no longer entertains the old conceptions of a life in this world and a life hereafter, and whose days begin to roll along in gray monotony.'

How long will this last? And is not America in the same situation as Russia, which has also shut its eyes to a life hereafter and yet is not capable of realizing a paradise upon earth? The Americans are pampered people whose attention has shifted from the world beyond but to whom substitutes for paradise will perhaps not prove satisfying, at least over long periods of time. What will happen to these spoiled people when they are forced to economize, just as the people of old Europe are doing? Bonn does not answer these questions. Moreover, it is not the task of a national economist to answer them. It would be a task for a poet who is at the same time a philosopher. If one were to believe what Claudel wrote forty years ago or what Duhamel is saying at the present time, America's situation would indeed be devoid of hope. The United States would perish from spiritual calcification. What does the national economist think of that possibility?

THE WORLD IN THE BALANCE. *By Colin Ross. Translated by Winifred Felkin. London: George Routledge and Sons. 1931. 10s. 6d.*

(*Times Literary Supplement*, London)

IN SPITE of his name, and in spite of the fact that he dates his preface from Adelaide, the author of this book is a German; and, while his general standpoint is that of a good European, his nationality betrays itself both in the emphasis that he lays upon Germany's policy and in the ease with which his politics pass into metaphysics. What has impressed Herr Ross in the course of the long journeys he has undertaken since the War is the decline of European prestige in Asia and Africa. For this Europe is herself doubly to blame. Modern methods of production compel the Western world to stimulate demand by raising the economic status of non-European races, and thus enabling them to challenge European supremacy. But beyond this, Europe, though not America, has ceased to believe in her own ideas. Her case is like that of the Roman Empire before its fall or that of Germany during the War, 'when one victory followed another, and we carried our flags farther and farther into other countries until we became

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more and more exhausted, wearied, despairing, and unhappy.'

Practical remedies are offered. First, Europe must not have both Africa and Asia on her hands at once. The negro can be kept quiet if he is not encouraged to assert himself; and Herr Ross indorses the view of the Union Government that the direction of native policy should be in the hands of the white settlers. The real danger threatens from Asia—not from Islam, now as spiritually disillusioned as Europe herself, nor from India, which will probably be content with the gradual assertion of independence, but from China, whose people are physically strong, mentally gifted, and economically competent. Europe will probably have to meet the danger alone; for America's interests are likely to be concentrated in her own continent, while the weight of India may drag Britain over on to the Asiatic side. Hence everything turns on the policy of Germany. Herr Ross is opposed to coöperation with Russia, for that would entangle Germany in an internationalism that is blind to the realities of racial differences. Germany should, therefore, associate herself with France. If England can be brought in, so much the better. At any rate, Germany need not antagonize her by demanding the return of her colonies, particularly as her present position gives her a certain advantage in trading.

Next, Europe must look to her spiritual state. Her science is her strength, and if she is to survive her engineers must have the same faith in their science as a doctor has in his. But first Europeans must understand themselves. They must resolve the doubts of which the present absence of standards of sexual morality is the most significant expression. Herr Ross does not think that the Victorian conventions will ever return, and is all for the full examination of unconscious impulses. In the end, however, he thinks that the sexual act will be realized to be a means to spiritual ecstasy, and a basis for standards of conduct will thus be found. The danger is that European peoples will be diverted from their spiritual quest by acquiescence in purely material comforts. This section of Herr Ross's argument is sometimes difficult to follow in detail, partly because his philosophy is too heavy for its simple, expository framework, and partly because the tangles of his thoughts do not seem to have been fully straightened out. But the main line is clear. Modern men must feel the same enthusiasm for their science as Renaissance men felt for their humanities. Once they have recovered the courage of their convictions, they will be inspired to attempt works truly cosmic in scale and will feel, as the cathedral builders felt before them, that their achievements are leading them Godward. Altogether a stimulating, if at times an unduly dogmatic, little book.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

A Film of Peace

A COMMITTEE of distinguished Germans which includes among its members Alfred Kerr, Thomas Mann, and Zuckmayer has chosen the manuscript of an educational film called *We Toil* by Dr. Rudolf Frank for recommendation to the international jury that will award a prize for a peace film in December. The manuscript was one of a hundred and eight submitted, of which four were considered for the final choice. We present here the middle portion of Dr. Frank's work:—

(*A peasant family plants a young apple tree. The children, singing, sprinkle water over it. Their song continues; the shoot unfolds and becomes a full-grown tree. The tree puts forth blossoms.*)

A CHILD: Why does the tree blossom?

THE PEASANT: Because we have toiled.

THE PEASANT MOTHER: And our toil has been blessed.

(*Troops pass by the blooming children and the blossoming tree, singing as they march.*)

THE TROOPS: Ten thousand men, gathering for manœuvres . . .

THE CHILD: Why are they gathering for manœuvres?

THE PEASANT MOTHER (*troubled*): Yes, why?

THE PEASANT (*harshly and bitterly*): So they can make war to better advantage.

THE CHILD: Why do they make war?

(*The peasant sighs, looks at the children and the plowed field, and goes into the house. The child stands pensively under the tree. The song of the soldiers dies away; the child repeats to himself 'Why?' and changes to a starving child of the Waldenburg coal district.*)

THE CHILD: I'm hungry, hungry . . .

THE MOTHER (*now an emaciated woman of the mines*): There's not a scrap of bread in the house . . .

THE CHILD: Mother, mother, I'm hungry . . . (*falls unconscious to the ground.*)

THE MOTHER (*groaning*): Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, why. . . ?

AN AUGMENTED CHORUS (*chanting suddenly, wrathfully, terrifyingly*): Why? Why?

(*The question is repeated in relation to pictures of famine in China and of unemployment in Germany, England, Russia, and Austria. Many hands are stretched forth to grasp sheets of printed matter showing opportunities in the labor market; the papers are held hastily in front of staring eyes, then dropped in despair. A disconsolate, monotonous sound of weeping accompanies the scenes. It is as if it came from among the spectators. Behind a written legend, 'Throughout the whole world sixteen million men are without work,' appear the throngs of the unemployed and ill and of war cripples—men, women, and half-grown children. A male voice begins to intone and, as the sound of weeping fades away, the chorus gives responses as if a litany were being sung.*)

THE VOICE: Sixty million human beings were forced to kill one another in the World War. Those sixty million fellow human beings, . . .

THE CHORUS: Sixty million fellow human beings, . . .

THE VOICE: Those four years of murderous work, . . .

THE CHORUS: Years of murderous work, . . .

THE VOICE: Those goods, squandered by the billion, . . .

THE CHORUS: Squandered by the billion, . . .

THE VOICE: Would have been sufficient,

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during a half century and forever thereafter, . . .

THE CHORUS: Forever thereafter, . . .

THE VOICE: To put an end to all misery, if instead of being used for annihilation they had been used for the well-being of humanity.

THE CHORUS: The well-being of humanity.

(*A classroom in a village school; among the pupils are the peasant's children.*)

THE TEACHER (*standing in front of a map of the world*): Who won the World War?

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN (*one after the other*): England, France, America, Italy . . .

THE TEACHER: Who can tell me what they won?

(*The children look at each other and at the teacher questioningly. In a broadcasting room an announcer speaks into the microphone.*)

THE ANNOUNCER: Attention! Attention! In three minutes the address of the English Finance Minister will begin.

(*The class of children listens in front of a loud speaker.*)

THE ENGLISH MINISTER OF FINANCE MR. SNOWDEN: The decrease in armaments will free the world from the nightmare of a new and still more frightful war. The sums hitherto spent for armaments will benefit industrial development and will serve social and cultural purposes.

(*Simultaneously with the last line changing pictures begin to appear: the poor are fed in large cities; a settlement of workers' houses springs up from the earth; children, the same ones who were previously seen living in wretchedness, are being examined by a doctor; others lie under the full rays of the summer sun; others play in the meadows; a train full of children holiday bound pulls out of a station; there are children bathing in the sea; they are vigorous, joyous, healthy.*)

THE MINISTER: I believe that the people who have to bear the burden of armaments have no real conception of how great this burden is. It amounts yearly to a billion pounds sterling.

(*On the screen, in large figures, appears the sum mentioned, and above it the amount calculated in marks. The children by the sea change once more into the despairing creatures who were shown previously.*)

THE MINISTER: Because of the World War Great Britain has to pay seven billion pounds sterling.

(*The sum stated appears on the screen, then its equivalent in domestic currency. In a guardhouse seven men and a corporal are listening eagerly to the loud speaker.*)

FIRST SOLDIER: Does he mean the victors?

SECOND SOLDIER: The conquerors are suffering? They are not triumphant?

THE THIRD: They are not living in luxury?

THE FIRST: They are suffering.

THE MINISTER: Three-fourths of our taxes will be spent liquidating the last war and preparing for the next one.

THE CHORUS (*despairingly, almost in a scream*): Why must this be? Why? Why? . . .

(*In the distance a baritone begins the recitative from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.*)

THE BARITONE: 'Oh, friends, not these harsh sounds! Let us sing together more pleasantly, more joyously!'

(*We are now in the concert hall itself.*)

ORCHESTRA, SOLOISTS, AND CHOIR:—

'From the breasts of kindly Nature
All of joy imbibe the dew;
Good and bad alike, each creature
Would her roseate path pursue.

'Quenched be hate and wrath forever,
Pardoned be our mortal foe—
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low!

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'Every sin shall be forgiven;
Brethren, live in perfect love!'

(*Each word rings clear and true and confident. As a visual accompaniment there shines forth the sign of the League of Nations: five stars in the form of a circle, within which appear in rapid succession the flags and symbols of the various member states of the League. Now other stars appear and the five original stars begin to move. . . . It is night, and all the stars of the sky are shining brightly. Through the boughs of the apple tree we look out into the glimmering infinity of space, while a voice repeats the words of Immanuel Kant.*)

THE VOICE: 'Two things fill my soul with constantly renewed admiration and awe: the starry heaven above me and the moral law within me . . .'

ROBESON IN LONDON

PAUL ROBESON, the negro actor and singer, has been enjoying an extraordinary success in London, where he has appeared in *The Hairy Ape* by Eugene O'Neill. Interviewed by a representative of the *Observer*, Mr. Robeson announced that one of his ambitions was to go to Africa in the expectation of finding 'new inspiration.' He has a small son who is now at school in Germany but who will soon return to the United States to continue his studies. The father, meanwhile, is also pursuing his own education by studying the Russian language, which he finds surprisingly easy:—

'I found at once that the language and the music seem to suit my voice, and I think there is a psychological explanation. There is a kinship between the Russians and the negroes. They were both serfs, and in the music there is the same note of melancholy touched with mysticism. I have heard most of the great Russian singers on the gramophone, and have occasionally found whole phrases that could be matched in negro melodies.'

The name of Eugene O'Neill evoked the greatest enthusiasm:—

'I have seen a great deal of O'Neill. He is one of the finest of all living men, shy, so modest that he can hardly pluck up courage to speak to a stranger, with a pair of eyes that seem to penetrate right through people. I have never seen such wonderful eyes in any one else. He seems to get at the essentials of the people he meets at once, and I feel this is apparent in his plays. O'Neill is a man of immense courage; tuberculosis is only one of the things he has had to conquer.

'As a playwright he is always experimenting, and I think it can be said that he has never used the same form twice. He was the first man to realize the dramatic possibilities of the great negro problem, and the intellectuals of my race now appreciate what he has done for their people, although at first the colored people resented *All God's Chillun* almost as much as the white men.'

THE CHICAGO OF EUROPE

WHILE American police commissioners blame the crime wave on tabloids, the 'Little Cæsar' type of films, and other mediums of underworld publicity, the German police are hard at work making their civilians more crime-conscious. A combination Eden Musée and scientific laboratory called a Police Museum has been opened in Charlottenburg, where young detectives, and presumably young criminals, can learn the latest means of outwitting each other. In any case, the Socialist Prussian police are attempting to prove to their increasingly hostile political enemies that they are doing their best to keep down the crime wave that has caused Berlin to be called the Chicago of Europe.

Courses for criminal commissioners are given in connection with the museum, including practical work in a laboratory that is fitted out with photographs of famous murdered individuals, as well as

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with the lethal weapons involved, such as bottles of poison, pistols, and tins of explosive. Some particularly notorious crimes have been reconstructed in full, even to such details as squashed bedbugs on the wall.

But the efficiency of the police is matched by the thoroughness of Berlin's underworld. German gangsters are organized into gangs that are permanent clubs and not mere groups of professional criminals who get together to do a certain 'job.' There are eleven of these associations in Berlin, and as they are derived from old trade guilds they have definite traditions. Most of the membership is drawn from ex-convicts who have not been able to obtain honest employment. Each 'ring' has a sentimental motto, its own banner, and holds formal meetings that are like the festivals of any ordinary German singing club.

From the point of view of the police, the most dangerous ring is the *Immertreu* (Evertrue) which was founded ten years ago in the dark post-war days and has the youngest and most desperate membership. Its recent festival this spring was magnificent. Everybody was in evening dress decorated with the scarfs of the association, while delegates of other gangs marched in with their own banners. Old German folk music alternated with modern jazz, and Mozart's *Dedication of Song* was sung by an underworld chorus. The festival was marred by a police raid, which hurt the feelings of the guests, but as only one member of the party was detained, the clubs will probably continue to function, sending delegates to trials, paying fines, providing bail, helping wives and children of criminals, and even conducting handsome funerals.

Maxims of Talleyrand

PRINCE TALLEYRAND used to improve his hours of leisure by jotting down notes on scraps of paper that were carefully filed away. A collection of these notes, recently assembled by M. G. Lacour-Gayet, is about to be published for the first time, and the *Revue Bleue* prints a number of them in advance, comparing them favorably to the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. Here are some of the Prince's typical reflections:—

Honor in our corrupt times was invented to produce on vanity the effects of virtue.

The generous man puts the favors that he grants beneath his feet and those that he receives upon his heart.

Men of merit often have the misfortune of not finding the occasion to make themselves known, but fools are even more unfortunate, because to them that occasion is ever present.

Ambition is like fire. The vilest and the most precious matter nourish it equally.

Let us not be so awkwardly imprudent as to demand of the present what the future will bring to us without effort.

Nature is nowhere to be found. Every grain of sand in the most neglected part of the world has passed through human hands.

Public opinion, which is a useful control, is a dangerous guide to governments.

Financiers do their business well only when nations do theirs badly.

What will become of the world, I don't know. What I see is that nothing is replaced. Whatever ends, ends completely. One sees clearly only what one has lost.

I forgive people if they do not agree with my opinion, but I do not forgive them if they do not agree with their own.

The happiness of a man in love is extreme because it is based on a reality situated in the realm of the imagination.

To make a fortune one does not need a mind. All one needs is an absence of delicacy.

When one is too severe or too indulgent, one exposes one's self to treating weaknesses as if they were crimes or crimes as if they were weaknesses.

Always to admire in moderation is the mark of a mediocre spirit.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Maurice Replies to Pershing

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE, Director of Military Operations on the Imperial General Staff of the British Army from 1915 to 1918, has written a strong reply to General Pershing's reminiscences of the World War. Since General Maurice is also the author of a sympathetic biography of Robert E. Lee and knows the United States at first hand, he can not be accused of the kind of anti-American prejudice that vitiates so much British criticism of this country. Here is the essence of his case:—

We and the French, being short of men, proposed that the Americans should send over battalions of infantry without waiting for the creation of complete divisions, and that these battalions, as a temporary expedient to tide over the emergency, should be incorporated in our brigades. The language question seemed to give us a natural preference over the French. But Pershing saw in this proposal not an honest attempt to meet a real crisis, but a cunning scheme to prevent, or at least delay, the formation of an American army, and he would have nothing to do with it, the result being that between the middle of March and the end of April 1918, we suffered nearly as many casualties as the American army did in the whole War.

The suspicions created by these attempts to get American help in the spring of 1918 lingered on in Pershing's mind, and in the end he and his troops had to pay a heavy price for them. The attack on the Saint Mihiel salient begun on September 12 was a complete and easy success. The Germans had, in fact, made up their minds to withdraw from the salient before the attack was made. This success confirmed Pershing in his belief that he and his army could stand alone. But a more severe test waited him. Foch wanted the Americans to take their part in his final advance to victory by delivering a great attack astride the Meuse.

The transfer of some 600,000 men from the Saint Mihiel to the Meuse front was well done, and was, as Pershing proudly says, an admirable piece of staff work. But time was short, and the preparations for attack upon formidable defenses had to be hurried, while Pershing refused the advice and help offered him, seeing in those offers further attempts to interfere with the independence of the American command. Both we and the French had learned from bitter experience the difficulty of organizing the communications in rear of a modern battle, and how to overcome those difficulties. Plenty of expert aid was available, but Pershing would have none, with the result that when the American attack through the Argonne was made there was such congestion on the roads as had never before been seen.

Many of the American troops fighting at the front were half-starved because supplies could not be got to them, and the whole attack was checked. At this time Clemenceau visited Pershing and, as was his practice, went up to the front to see for himself. He was so alarmed by what he saw that he urged Foch to take action, and on October 3 Foch sent Weygand to proffer help, but this offer served merely to confirm Pershing's suspicions, and at last, on October 21, Clemenceau proposed to Foch that he should ask for Pershing's recall.

Foch, finding that the Americans had learned their lesson and were overcoming their difficulties, wisely ignored this proposal, and in the event the American army broke through triumphantly to Sedan.

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General Pershing says truly that if the United States had been in a position to put 500,000 men, properly organized and equipped, in the field in the summer of 1917, the War would have been over in that year, and one cannot but think that if General Pershing had had a little more faith in the honesty of his Allies the War might have been won more speedily and with less loss.

A Czech Sees America

OSSIP DYMOW, Czech dramatist and story-writer, gives his impressions of the United States in the following thumb-nail sketches, which he entitles 'Americana':—

In America the automobile is of the female sex. It is called 'she.' When the American says, 'She gets no salary; she needs but little paint; she costs almost nothing to support; it is great fun to go out with her; I'll never part from her,' he is referring to his automobile.

In the roadside restaurants that line the big automobile thoroughfares one often witnesses the following scene. Two men are sitting at a table drinking out of glasses that contain some refreshing beverage, legal or illegal, and they talk together in the language of automobilists. One of them looks exhausted, weary, overheated. He is very simply, even sloppily dressed. He has none of the usual refinements, no cravat pin, no watch chain, no rings. The other has a fresh, well-cared-for appearance, and he wears an expensive, well-fitting suit, with a fine stick pin in his tie. The former is the owner of the automobile, the latter is the chauffeur. Moreover, during the present depression, when bluff is being maintained more vigorously than ever, the former makes every effort to dress as well as he can.

An American I know once asked me to join him and his family on a six-hour automobile ride from New York to a certain city. Soon after darkness had fallen the automobile skidded off the road on to damp ground. My American friend put on all the gas and broke his axle. We spent the night stuck in the country until help came. His wife suffered from a nervous attack; his children were devoured by mosquitoes, and the youngest of them came down with malaria. Yet it was a long time before my friend stopped repeating ruefully to himself, 'I was wrong to endanger my automobile by putting on all the gas.'

'Dear nephew, please send me money for a third-class steamer ticket so that I can come back to you and dear old Europe. I hope that I can get along there somehow. It is very hard for a man to live here. I shall never forget the great service you will perform for me if you will help me. I am the favorite brother of your late lamented father.' This is the way the modern American uncle writes to his nephew in Europe.

Up from Slavery

A CONTRIBUTOR to the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London, just back from a visit to the United States, describes the position of the negro in America and prophesies that the black race will continue to improve its position in relation to the whites:—

Many nights in American trains have so helped me to realize the immensity of the country that I have pledged myself never again to say, 'America thinks this' or 'So-and-so is a typical American.' But if I *were* to break my pledge and to generalize, I should suggest that the only people in the United States who look happy are those who have, perhaps, the least reason to do so—the negroes.

Perhaps they feel that their good time is coming. Immigration from the Latin or Slav countries can be limited by a 'quota' system, but the negro is not an immigrant.

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He is a citizen whose ancestors, unlike those of the immigrant, were brought to America against their will as slaves for the cotton plantations, and, the more cheap labor from Europe is restricted, the more important the negro will become.

Hence the amazing pilgrimage, during and since the War, of colored men from conditions of inferiority in the Southern states to conditions of equality, or something very like it, in New York and Chicago. One-tenth of the population of the United States is negro, and the negro is no longer willing to accept the conditions prevailing on the cotton plantations, when he can wear a bowler hat, a vivid tie, and a tailor-made suit, and can wander up and down the streets of Harlem, the black man's New York. Lord Bryce was certainly a man who knew what he was talking about, and he declared that the American negro has developed more in sixty years than did the Anglo-Saxon in six centuries.

The negro's cultural development, which has gone with his economic progress, makes the behavior of white toward black sometimes shameful, sometimes dangerous, and often absurd. A colored professor attending some learned congress in one of the Southern states may have to travel to it in a 'Jim Crow' car where there is no sleeping accommodation, and one can understand the indignation of the negro who is willing to pay for his paradise in a Pullman and whose money is rejected because of his color.

We have, of course, in the Union of South Africa and in various colonies, our own negro problem, but it is less interesting than in the United States, where so many more negroes have had opportunities to compete successfully with white men. The most cultured man I met in Chicago was a negro doctor whose house is filled with the work of young negro artists. I wanted to invite him to dine, but he would not have been admitted to the better known restaurants, and we had to go to a Chinese restaurant in what is known as Chicago's 'Black and Tan' quarter. Black friends as well as white came to the station to see me off, and I do not believe that it is only imagination which makes me think that even the black Pullman-car attendant treated me with disrespect because I, a white man, had appeared in public with men of his own color.

The visitor to New York is taken to one of the more expensive negro cabaret shows, and he comes away with as false an idea of the negro as a week-end visit to Montmartre would give him of the Frenchman. What he does not see is the relentless effort of the negro to compete on terms of equality with the white. According to the Constitution of the United States, all American citizens are to be treated as equals. They are not, and they never have been, but it would be rash to say that they never will be.

The problem of color was unimportant when no negroes were educated. It is impossible to say whether the highly educated negro must always remain an exception, or whether many of his compatriots would reach his level if they had opportunities resembling those of the white man.

But enough of them are now educated to make the color problem one of the most important of the problems which face the United States. And the more the Europeans are kept out of the country the more important the problem will be.

Felix Salten in America

FELIX SALTEN, author of *Bambi* and other successful novels, has written a book entitled *Fünf Minuten Amerika*, in the course of which he utters the following strictures on sex prohibition in America, which he finds even more serious than our prohibition of alcohol:—

Puritan law protects the woman, chiefly and almost exclusively. Under all

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circumstances, even when she is vicious, spiteful, and fraudulent. Puritan law recognizes no such thing as a vicious, spiteful, fraudulent, or heartless woman. It believes that all women are pure, noble, and virtuous, and that they are constantly falling victim to masculine wiles and masculine desires. No matter how much experience a judge, a publicist, or a governor may have in his private life, experience that gives him real knowledge, he will never dare advocate anything that goes against the letter of the Puritanical law. Furthermore, no publicist dares to raise his voice in behalf of an innocent man who is victimized by a guilty woman. What if there are mitigating circumstances? What difference does it make if the injustice arises from certain profound causes that put the whole affair in a different light? Nothing doing. A woman's testimony is sufficient to establish anything as a fact.

Hardly one divorce in a thousand is blamed on the wife. The man takes all the blame, even if he has been grossly betrayed or unscrupulously plundered. It is virtually a point of honor for the man to take the whole responsibility.

Lovers who have no room with a back door through which they can escape from the police—and most lovers are in this position—have to resort to their automobiles. The automobile in America serves the same purpose that the hotel does in Europe. It is a police regulation that automobiles must have no curtains over their windows. From New York to Atlanta and Galveston, from Los Angeles and San Francisco to Denver and Chicago, rows of automobiles with their lights out stand every evening along the dark boulevards. I asked everyone, both old and young, how it was that people could remain unmolested in their automobile love nests, and they all gave me the same answer, 'The policeman is only human.'

What good, then, is accomplished by all the laws, prohibitions, and threats of serious, mortifying punishment? One result is that inexperienced people fall into the hands of gold-diggers who plunder and even ruin them, which is easy in a country where the underworld occupies an almost official rank. Another result is that they make love joylessly, unhygienically, crudely, in the dark and with acrobatic pains. One result that affects everybody is that they are all compelled to keep up absurd pretensions, to lie and deceive themselves, to wear two faces. One is the face officially prescribed by the social code, and the other is contorted by secret orgies. When we remember that the prohibition of alcohol has been added to this much older, much more profound sexual prohibition, we find that it is rather too much for such an energetic, healthy, active, overworked nation. Puritanism is already wabbling under the attacks of technical progress. But the American still stands officially in support of the present law.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

career, which began with a long period of scholarship, continued brilliantly through the War,—in which he served with distinction as a captain of machine-gunners,—and ended in political life. He represents the fine old German virtues and bears little resemblance to the demagogues who have been so much in evidence during the past ten years.

THE ESSENTIAL conflict between the mentalities of France and Germany can be readily understood if one reads M. d'Estaing's essay, which we have irreverently entitled 'Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong,' immediately after the two above-mentioned pieces from Germany. When we remember the pro-French sentiment that was whipped up in the United States fifteen years ago, it is curious that such an article as M. d'Estaing's should now have to be presented almost with an apology.

FRANCIS DELAISI is a young French economist with much more liberal views than most of his countrymen. One of his books, *Political Myths and Economic Realities*, has been published in translation in the United States by the Viking Press. His article on the international trade in armaments shows how difficult any kind of regulation is in that particular field and does not offer any very substantial hopes for what the great conference scheduled for next year will accomplish. Unquestionably we shall publish many political articles on the subject within the next few months and all of them should be read in relation to the technical and commercial problems that M. Delaisi raises.

WE HAVE already offered several samples of the work of Egon Friedell, a disciple of Oswald Spengler, whose latest book, by the way, is reviewed in our 'Books Abroad' department. Herr Friedell provides much lighter fare than his master and this essay on Tolstoi and Dostoievski can be easily assimilated, even if the present heat wave lasts on into September. Herr Friedell not only has written for the stage but has appeared on it as a full-fledged actor.

PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM is an Austrian who found himself in England when the War broke out and spent the next four years in a concentration camp. Since then, he has written a book called *England, the Unknown Isle* and has traveled widely, writing essays describing the habits and morals of various nations. In comparing Paris and Berlin he rejects the common assumption that the French capital is old-fashioned and the German capital ultramodern and brings forth fact after fact proving that Paris is the most up-to-date city in the world and Berlin one of the most backward.

YEARS AGO a French minister to China proposed that country's health because, like his own land, it had developed a complete language of the kitchen. Those days have gone forever, if we are to believe M. Claude Alayrac's gruesome and amusing description of a modern Chinese meal. Or can it be that the French palate has lost some of its discrimination?

LITERARY publicity and book clubs have provided Hugh Walpole and Beverley Nichols with inspiration for two lively little essays on themes that are quite familiar to American readers. It should be explained that the Book Society in England corresponds to our Book-of-the-Month Club over here and that Mr. Walpole is a member of the committee that makes its monthly selection.

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GREAT MINDS SHOW THE WAY

Seldom has there been such unanimity among great thinkers as is shown in the following extracts from letters and recent addresses concerning the need of a fully informed American public opinion and the immediate opportunity Americans have to fill this need with first-hand, definite information.

THE NEED FOR INFORMED OPINION . . .

Honorable Newton D. Baker's excellent address on 'World Economic Planning' contained the following pointed remarks:—

'Education in the facts of our modern international life and culture in a broad and intolerant and unselfish spirit is necessary to make life under modern conditions possible, and comprises the discipline to which we, as citizens, must subject ourselves. This may sound like a long road, but it is the only safe road. Each international incident as it arises becomes an educational opportunity when it is approached in this spirit. . . . That the formation of sound public opinion is, under these circumstances, beset by peculiar dangers is clear. . . . Public opinion will form itself on whatever facts it has; sound public opinion cannot be based on less than all the facts.'

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in an address made immediately upon his return from Europe, said:—

'If people could be induced to think, instead of thinking that they think, they would build down to the funda-

(*Continued on next page*)

AND THE PRESCRIBED REMEDY

'The Living Age makes a very definite contribution in bringing American readers some knowledge and understanding of what is being thought abroad. Like no other publication The Living Age has a distinct work to do and I am glad it is undertaking it and I trust that it will be able to continue with increasing favor.'—*Frank L. McVey, President of the University of Kentucky.*

'I have read almost every issue of The Living Age and would say that I have read 75 per cent of the articles in each. I have found it a very informing magazine with material of very high order. For people interested in international affairs it is almost indispensable. I can commend the magazine most highly.'—*George Thomas, President of the University of Utah.*

'It seems to me that The Living Age plan is an excellent one. People must know one another's difficulties, problems, and points of view before there can be any proper basis for sympathy with one another. The better acquainted people are with one another the less likely are they to quarrel; even when they find that they cannot agree on some matters they are more likely to agree to disagree, if they know one another well. Your policy is a good one. It will take time to bring results but I believe that the results will come.'—*David Kinley, former President of the University of Illinois.*

'I wish to express my hearty approval of your policy of publishing selected articles from the foreign press. I think I receive more profit and find more interest in reading these articles in The Living Age than from the

(*Continued on next page*)

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mental principles and not run after cheap demagogues. The world has always belonged to those who think. This new world will belong to those who think and, accordingly, as we prepare ourselves to think, we shall be able to grasp what is going on, we shall be able to use our influence as citizens of the American Republic so that this nation may not take second place in building up the international society of tomorrow. . . . The question for every citizen of whatever land who claims to be civilized is: Am I making myself competent to understand the changing world?'

Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College, announcing the programme of the Williamstown Institute of Politics, said:—

'For ten years the Institute has been seeking to understand conditions abroad, especially the psychology of peoples of widely different background and experience. Now, while still seeking further knowledge, the Institute is prepared to inquire what America can and ought to do in view of the conditions immediately confronting us. The events of the past few weeks emphasize the necessity of coöperation, of coöperation based on mutual understanding, not on prejudice and impulse. . . . Nor is there lacking a public interest in the questions involved. America is awake to the necessity. It perceives that our problems, political as well as economic, are interwoven with those of other nations. This is a new and entirely different point of view from that hitherto entertained.'

articles in any one other magazine that comes to my desk. You are rendering to me, at least, an invaluable service in enabling me to keep in touch with the thought of the publicists of other nations.'—*Arnold Bennett Hall, President of the University of Oregon.*

'You are to be congratulated on THE LIVING AGE. The objective or ideal which you have set up is most worth while and I believe the magazine is certainly helping in bringing about a better understanding in the United States of foreign problems.'—*C. H. Clapp, President of the University of Montana.*

'THE LIVING AGE's purpose to bring the problems of European nations to the sympathetic attention of the American public is a laudable one and one that cannot help but promote a closer understanding among the leaders of thought in every country.'—*George J. Ryan, President of the Board of Education, City of New York.*

'There is no doubt in my mind that we are in the early stages of closer world understanding and coöperation. While I think that some such phrases as "internationalism" and the rather indiscriminate use of the word "peace" have been unfortunate and misleading, nevertheless a definite interlocking of the world's economic, social, and political interests is well on its way. Vital in this process is the understanding of the peoples of one nation by those of another. Since this is impossible to bring about to any great degree by personal contact, such a magazine as THE LIVING AGE is of the greatest value, particularly among those who are inclined to take an intellectual point of view.'—*Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior.*

'I have been reading THE LIVING AGE with a great deal of interest and I find in every number several articles on topics on which I needed information. There is no question about it but the American people are far too interested in domestic affairs to realize the importance of foreign problems which really affect the interests of this country. Anything that you can do to make them look out once in a while instead of looking in is more than worth while.'—*Frank L. Polk, former Acting Secretary of State and Head of the American Delegation to the Peace Conference.*

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WAR AND PEACE

WE are not a conquered people, but conquerors. Let the bellicose countries be silent. No capitulation to Germany. Let us defend our gold. As for our military power, I answer for it.—*André Maginot, French Minister of War.*

We have learned that war is never a profit, even to the winners. The only way for this country to be prosperous is to be friendly with other nations.—*Tom Shaw, British Secretary of State for War.*

There is much that grown men and women can do to fight the disease of international misunderstanding. Everyone can make a practice of assuming that any newspaper article which accuses a foreign nation of deliberate dishonesty or hostility is untrue.—*Viscount Cecil of Chelwood.*

The European policy of balance of power must be done away with if peace is to come. For the first time a different view is noticeable now which should inaugurate an epoch of real peace. The world must be brought to a better understanding before peace and prosperity can return.—*Benito Mussolini.*

We want her [America's] help in these appalling problems of reconciling national interests and disarmament, for disarmament we have to have ultimately. Fundamentally it is a fight for peace, a spiritual fight, and we have to deal with the things of the world. This fight is not to be won in a moment; it will be won ultimately. What we have to see is that we keep moving, that we never look back and never go back and admit no check; that we hand on the faith to those that come after us.—*Stanley Baldwin.*

I know of no two governments with absolute mutual confidence, and that is one of the gravest calamities weighing upon the nations of the world.—*Foreign Minister Estrada of Mexico.*

I prefer to believe that the majority of people in the world in these days think that war hurts everybody, benefits nobody except the profiteers, and settles nothing.—*Field Marshal Sir William Robertson of the British Army.*

In the last war you had a horrible time; the next is inconceivable, and yet the world is going on steadily, horribly, stupidly marching to the next war, singing the songs of peace and preparing for war.—*David Lloyd George.*

The immediate necessity is to face the issues of disarmament and international credit before the lesson just learned begins to be forgotten. It is the job of Great Britain to thrust these issues to the front at once, and to invite the nations to consider what they propose to do about them. America cannot afford to say no this time.—'*Week-end Review*,' *London Conservative Weekly.*

Peace is no longer a mere question of good faith or even of good understanding in the relations among the nations. It requires a definite organization of the whole of human society. The whole problem we now face is to put an end to the era of territorial objectives and erect in its stead a world-wide economic policy.—*Senator Henry de Jouvenel, editor of the 'Revue des Vivants.'*

People seeking peace by arms are like people seeking shelter under trees during a thunderstorm. They are at the very point which is first struck when the thunderstorm breaks. Instead of being secure they are in the greatest danger.—*Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain.*

In the War the world was to be made safe for democracy and fit for heroes. But that was just politicians' patter. They did not know what it meant, but they knew the phrases sounded good. Since then we have had thirteen years of muddlement. Under modern conditions the world's affairs must be dealt with as a whole. We cannot live in a patchwork of sovereign states any more. We must live as world citizens or perish.—*H. G. Wells.*

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